

TIME

**What
happened
to this
party?**

Who Really
Destroyed the
Party of Reagan

By Peter Wehner

The Power of
Nancy Reagan

By Nancy Gibbs

What My
Mother Knew

By Patti Davis

The Faults of Oklahoma

The Sooner State's love affair with the oil and gas industry has brought the state enormous benefits—and hundreds of earthquakes.

TIME reports

By Josh Sanburn 36



The Reagans in 1983 on their Santa Barbara, Calif., ranch

Cover Story

It's Mourning in America

Nancy Reagan's death threw into sharp relief just how far today's Republican Party has strayed from the uplifting tone set by her late husband

By Peter Wehner 42

Nancy Reagan, 1921–2016

She weathered storms public and private

By Nancy Gibbs 46

A Daughter Remembers

The mother she longed to be

By Patti Davis 54

On the cover:

Nancy and Ronald Reagan at the Republican National Convention in Kansas City, Mo., on Aug. 19, 1976.

Photograph by Teresa Zabala—The New York Times/Redux

6 | Conversation
9 | Verbatim

The Brief

News from the U.S. and around the world

15 | Union yes, **Trump** yes?

17 | **China's** economic slowdown explained

18 | Ian Bremmer on **Turkey's** isolation

20 | **Brazil's** scandal touches its former President

20 | Farewell to Beatles producer **George Martin**

22 | Challenges await **Adidas'** next CEO

25 | America's **processed-food** addiction

26 | Europe **closes its borders** to refugees

The View

Ideas, opinion, innovations

29 | Hollywood's **franchise-revival disease** now infects TV

30 | Education's **math problem**

31 | Would you go down a **glass sliding board** on the outside of a skyscraper?

31 | Tech startups and inequality: **business as usual**

31 | How to take the **perfect nap**

32 | After a year in space, Scott Kelly is alive and well. What about **NASA's Mars program?**

35 | Joe Klein on **John Kasich's** performance-art campaign

TimeOff

What to watch, read, see and do

57 | **Pee-wee Herman** returns

58 | TV: **Daredevil, The Real O'Neals**

59 | Quick Talk with actor **Eugene Levy**

60 | L.A. food film **City of Gold**

61 | **10 Cloverfield Lane** offers musical thrills

61 | America's women **go it alone**

62 | Bryan Walsh teaches himself **how to cook**

66 | Susanna Schrobdsorff falls out of love with her **wearable fitness tracker**

68 | 8 Questions with actor **Sally Field**



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What you said about ...

DONALD TRUMP “I have to express my joy at seeing TIME stand up to this bully,” wrote Margaret Eilrich of Sonora, Calif., of our March 14 cover package on the GOP front runner and his often divisive rhetoric. But the story could have gone further, said Anthony Plumer of Portland, Ore., who suggested that much of Trump’s momentum “masks itself in patriotism but really is a form of racial hatred for anyone who is not white.” Others, like Rachel Godfrey of Henderson, N.C., focused on the political hatred at play, calling the candidate a by-product of years of anti-Obama obstructionism in Congress. Trump supporters, however, suggested other reasons for his popularity. “I live in a once great country where the air and water are poisoned ... and poor children can’t have decent education,” wrote Linda Smith of Salem, N.J. “I support Trump because he makes other politicians feel the way they make me feel: angry, frustrated and hopeless.”

A NEW PLAYER ON TEAM USA Readers praised Sean Gregory’s profile of U.S. fencer Ibtihaj Muhammad, who will become the first American Olympic competitor to sport a hijab when she competes in Brazil this summer. “YASSS! QUEEN!!! @IbtihajMuhammad,” wrote @Kinzposts on Twitter, while @opalfly wished that Muhammad had been the cover story instead of Donald Trump. “Boom—glass ceiling shattered!!!” added @shehzad013. And Marlene Lopin of Boca Raton, Fla., wrote, “What a wonderful story of a brave American girl ... who brings diversity to our roster of sports heroes.”

‘Indeed! I want 2 see more #hijab wearing #athletes.’

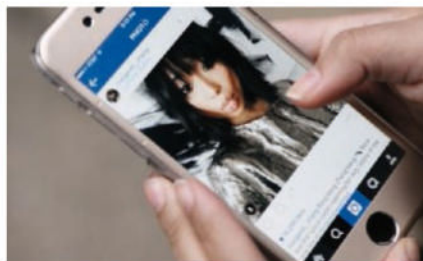
@TINACORNELY,
on Twitter

‘The Republican Party is reaping what it has sown ... So is the country as a whole.’

LOUISE ROWNTREE,
Portland, Ore.



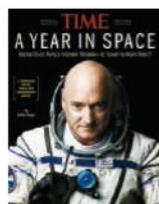
NOW ON TIME.COM In his native Iran, where homosexuality is illegal, gay poet Payam Feili rarely left his house. But since he fled to Israel—despite its lack of relations with his homeland—he has become a media darling. Read his story at time.com/iran-poet.



NOW PLAYING What’s it like to have 700,000 Instagram followers? A TIME video finds out, with a day in the life of Margaret Zhang—model, photographer and social-media star. View it at lightbox.time.com.

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HEALTH**

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NEWSSTAND PREVIEW A special-edition companion to TIME’s coverage of astronaut Scott Kelly’s year in space—which continues on page 32 of this issue—chronicles the historic mission and features many photographs taken by Kelly himself. Order it now at time.com/space-book, or buy it in stores April 1.

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'I don't want to end my career this way.'

MARIA SHARAPOVA, Russian tennis star, who is awaiting word on a penalty after announcing March 7 that she'd failed a drug test at the Australian Open for taking meldonium, a heart drug that was recently banned by the World Anti-Doping Agency



Zootopia netted \$75 million in its first weekend, topping *Frozen*



GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK



SeaWorld faced revived claims of whale mistreatment, thanks to a legal complaint

'MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LOOK AT THAT PRETTY PICTURE OF AMERICA HE PAINTED AND THEY CANNOT FIND THEMSELVES IN IT.'

FORMER PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON, saying President Barack Obama bears some of the blame for this "wacky election" because his descriptions of the economy do not align with the realities Americans know firsthand

\$55 million

Amount a jury awarded sportscaster **Erin Andrews** in her lawsuit against two hotel companies and a stalker who secretly recorded a nude video of her through a peephole



\$14 million

Value of LinkedIn CEO Jeff Weiner's annual stock package, which he distributed to employees to boost morale after a bleak earnings report

'I CAN BE MORE PRESIDENTIAL THAN ANYBODY.'

DONALD TRUMP, Republican presidential front runner, as he won primaries in Michigan and Mississippi on March 8



'It is a breakthrough if it becomes reality'

ANGELA MERKEL, German Chancellor, on a preliminary deal struck between E.U. nations and Turkey to ease the migrant crisis



108

Cats seized from a Texas woman's cramped home



'The authorities risk unlocking a Pandora's box.'

ZEID RA'AD AL HUSSEIN, U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights, warning of potential problems with the FBI's demand that Apple unlock an iPhone belonging to one of the San Bernardino mass shooters

JEFFREY KLUGER

TIME EDITOR & CO-AUTHOR OF APOLLO 13

SPACE IS OUT THERE

LET'S GO FIND IT

TIME

**IT'S YOUR
UNIVERSE**

PODCAST

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The Brief

“WHAT DID THEY DECIDE?” THE SYRIAN REFUGEE ASKED. “WILL THEY LET US IN?” —PAGE 26



Trump moved closer to the nomination after big wins March 8 in Michigan and Mississippi

ELECTION 2016

Why would Democrats vote for Trump? It's all about trade

By Philip Elliott/
Warren, Mich.

CHUCK ALEXANDER STILL REMEMBERS a time when he could walk into any Detroit factory churning out auto parts and walk out with a job that promised the American Dream. “My son is in his 20s. Those options aren’t there for him,” the retired union autoworker said a few days before the Michigan primary. “He can fill out application after application, and it just isn’t going to happen.”

Alexander, 63, was standing outside a community college in suburban Detroit, where Republican front runner Donald Trump had just finished a colorful jeremiad against the nation’s political elites. Trump understood Alexander’s frustration and offered a solution: a trade war with American allies that

would raise the prices of foreign-made products if Trump became President. “You’re going to pay a 35% tax every time you ship a car, truck or part into the United States,” Trump promised, in a speech that sometimes sounded more like a union rally than a Republican campaign event.

Alexander was sold on the spot. “He might not be the smartest in the race,” he said of Trump, “but he’s going to bring back our jobs. He’ll fight for us. He’s a fighter.”

It’s voters like Alexander, frustrated workers from the unionized heartland, who are transforming the Republican primary and causing quivers of concern for Democratic front runner Hillary Clinton. The decades-

Sanders won
Michigan



long Washington consensus that free trade, with protections for workers and fair terms for companies, is good for the country is under broad assault on the campaign trail. The former Secretary of State was walloped by Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders in Michigan; she watched her 20-point polling advantage turn into a 2-point loss. Exit polls showed that even among Democratic voters, almost 6 in 10 said international trade takes away U.S. jobs, a group Sanders won by 15 points.

On the Republican side, Trump has sold an even tougher antitrade line than Sanders, running to the left of most politicians in both parties. And it's working. He won the Michigan primary with twice as much support as his nearest competitor among those with a high school education or less, according to exit polls. At made-for-TV rallies across the nation, voters often praise Trump for his promises to bully corporations into undoing their outsourcing of factories across the border. This is especially true among unionized workers, a once reliably Democratic base, roughly a third of whom are likely to vote counter to their leaders' endorsement.

Trump's success has forced both parties to prepare for a general-election fight on a remade map. First, a Trump at the top of the GOP ticket could put into play Rust Belt states like Michigan and Wisconsin as well as reliably blue states like California and New York. "We're going to bring the car industry back," he roared the night he won the Michigan primary, even though it has rebounded handsomely since the Great Recession of 2008. Trump is betting he can lure voters who have been on the sidelines for years and persuade disaffected Democrats to vote for a Republican.

Clinton's campaign does not deny the potential for a coming Trump shift in white, working-class Democratic strongholds. Instead, it emphasizes that Trump's nativist bluster could hurt him in other states like Georgia, North Carolina and Arizona, which have emerging minority populations. "There will be more states on the periphery of the Republican universe that get into play than Democratic states get into play for the Republicans," says Joel Benenson, Clinton's top strategist. In other words, more voters

should be unwilling to cast their ballots for a man who wants to deport millions of immigrants and had to be shamed into rejecting the endorsement of a Klansman.

Maybe so, but no one is really sure of anything anymore. The next test for Trump's strategy will come in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, where Republican primaries will be held March 15. In Ohio's Mahoning County, the reliably Democratic, union-heavy home to hollowed-out Youngstown, Democrats are clearly worried. Party leaders have watched as 1 in 7 people who voted early in Mahoning have switched their party registration from Democrat to Republican since January.

Ohio Republicans don't yet see that happening elsewhere in the state. But a shift of that size, if replicated elsewhere, could flip the state.

Tim Ryan, the area's Democratic Congressman, has responded by making the rounds, working to undercut Trump's appeal months before the general election by pointing to his antiunion policies. "He wants to take money out of your pocket," Ryan says he tells his constituents. Maybe those workers just won't care. As Michigan Democratic Senator Debbie Stabenow explains, "He sounds like a Democrat when he talks about currency manipulation."

The United Auto Workers, the Teamsters and the AFL-CIO stayed on the sidelines during the Michigan primary. In some union halls, politics is already a topic too toxic to discuss. "People's economic anxiety in a state like this is so deep, these one-off simple-sounding solutions get a lot more interest than you would expect," Service Employees International Union president Mary Kay

Henry tells TIME on a visit to Flint, Mich. Roughly 30% of her union's members are conservatives, and the independent-minded ones might go for Trump too. The once reliably Democratic working-class firewall is crumbling as quickly as the abandoned Rust Belt factories, and Clinton's campaign is bracing for tough races. Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, campaign manager Robby Mook told reporters the day after Clinton's rout in Michigan, "will be competitive." In those states, there will be no avoiding the issue of trade and the anxiety it spreads to workers. Trump, more than anyone else in this race, knows how to wring votes from fears. □

VOTING FOR CHANGE

Both parties saw internal revolts in the Michigan primary

57%

Democratic voters who said international trade takes away U.S. jobs; Bernie Sanders won most of these voters

58%

Republican voters who say they feel betrayed by Republican politicians; Donald Trump won 41% of this group

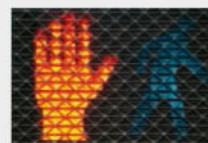


TRENDING



MILITARY

North Korea's leader, Kim Jong Un, said on March 9 that the country possesses **miniaturized nuclear warheads that can fit on missiles**. The news comes amid high tensions stoked by U.S. and South Korean joint military drills. Analysts doubt the veracity of Kim's claim.



PUBLIC HEALTH

Pedestrian deaths in the U.S. **surged by 10% in 2015**, according to a report by the Governors Highway Safety Association. Experts blamed the highest increase in deaths in 25 years on smartphone use and lower gas prices that have led to more cars on the road.



ENVIRONMENT

The contiguous U.S. **experienced its warmest winter on record** in 2015–16, with average temperatures 4.6°F above the 20th century average, according to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. Alaska recorded its second warmest winter.



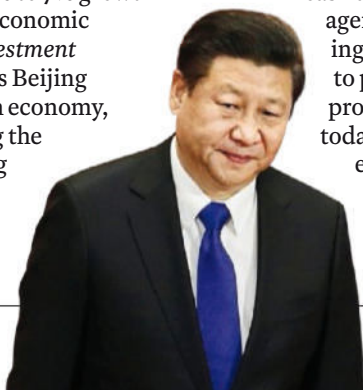
GOOD SAVE Shaun Cunningham, a 37-year-old firefighter, shields his son Landon, 8, from a baseball bat that hurtled into the stands from Pittsburgh Pirates outfielder Danny Ortiz during a spring-training game on March 5 against the Atlanta Braves in Lake Buena Vista, Fla. After the picture went viral online, the Braves sent Landon a signed jersey from his favorite player, first baseman Freddie Freeman. *Photograph by Christopher Horner—Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*

EXPLAINER

How China is getting in the way of its own economy

CHINA'S NATIONAL PEOPLE'S CONGRESS (NPC) convened on March 5 to rubber-stamp the state's new policies. But beyond political pageantry, it was the condition of the world's second largest economy that captured global attention. Last year, China narrowly missed its target of 7% GDP growth, recording its slowest uptick in 25 years. Here's what's holding it back:

PARTY POLITICS China's budget plan, unveiled at the NPC along with a forecast of 6.5% to 7% growth for 2016, featured 21st century economic buzzwords: *green growth*, *IT investment* and *entrepreneurship*. Yet even as Beijing pledges to nurture an innovation economy, President Xi Jinping is glorifying the Communist Party and tightening media and Internet controls. Fewer foreign companies are investing in a China that's closing itself off to the world.



OVERCAPACITY With global demand falling, China has a lot of factories churning out unwanted goods. The government says it will lay off 1.8 million workers in the state-owned steel and coal industries alone. But without high growth rates to ensure alternative job creation, scrapping so-called zombie enterprises could spark worker unrest.

FALLING CONFIDENCE On Feb. 29, the Shanghai stock exchange hit its lowest point since 2014, despite expensive government attempts to prop up the market. Beijing has also spent hundreds of billions of dollars on stabilizing its currency, while nervous Chinese have sent stockpiles of cash abroad. On March 8, the credit-rating agency Moody's accused China of ignoring "deep imbalances" in its economy to pursue its growth target. State media promptly accused Moody's of bias. In today's China, politics is never far from economics. —HANNAH BEECH/BEIJING

◀ *Analysts are skeptical of Chinese President Xi Jinping's plans to reform the stuttering economy*

DATA

THE 'GLASS-CEILING INDEX'

To mark International Women's Day on March 8, the *Economist* annually rates countries by how women are treated at work. Here, how some nations rate on a 100-point scale:



82.6

Iceland

Quotas call for 40% women in large firms



57.0

Germany

The wage gap is at 22%, above the E.U. average



55.9

U.S.

No guarantee of paid leave for parents



25.0

South Korea

Housework and child care seen as women's roles



TRENDING



POLITICS

Former New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg **ended speculation that he'd run for President as an independent in 2016**, saying a third-party run would increase the odds of victory for a "divisive" candidate like Donald Trump or Ted Cruz. He did not endorse a candidate.



HEALTH

Sexual transmission of the mosquito-borne Zika virus is **"more common than previously assumed,"** the World Health Organization said March 9. Pregnant women whose partners have visited Zika-affected areas are advised to abstain or use condoms.



DIPLOMACY

Justin Trudeau was due to become the **first Canadian Prime Minister to make a state visit to the U.S. in 19 years** on March 10, attending a state dinner and discussing trade, immigration and the environment with President Barack Obama.

THE RISK REPORT

Turkey's Erdogan feels the pressure

By Ian Bremmer

EVERYONE NEEDS FRIENDS. FOR THE moment, Turkey's President Recep Tayyip Erdogan doesn't have enough of them. Turkey's government and European leaders are working to forge a deal to better manage the migrant crisis, but it's unlikely to produce the results Europeans want—and Erdogan may soon become even more isolated.

The Turkish President's loudest current fight is with Russia's Vladimir Putin. In November, after Turkey shot down a Russian plane that strayed into Turkish airspace while flying over Syrian territory, Putin quickly announced sanctions that have had a real impact on Turkey's banking, tourism and construction sectors. There is no domestic pressure on Putin to back down, and Turkey will continue to bear the brunt of his anger.

Turkey's NATO allies aren't happy with Erdogan either. Washington is angry that Turkey is dropping many more bombs on Syrian Kurds than on ISIS, the focal point of U.S. air attacks. Some Europeans suspect that Erdogan will pocket more European cash and concessions while doing little to keep his end of the bargain by stemming the flow of migrants from Turkey. Even if a full deal is reached, the proposal that Turkish citizens should be allowed visa-free travel across European countries within the Schengen Agreement will provoke a backlash in Europe.

Nor will it help Erdogan's relations with the U.S. or Europe that the Turkish government took over an opposition newspaper, or that so many Turkish journalists now languish in Turkish prisons.

Then there are Erdogan's problems at home. Turkey's business community is looking forward to the end of sanctions on neighboring Iran. The tourism industry hopes visiting Iranians will replace the Russians who are no longer coming. Yet Erdogan is tightening ties with Saudi Arabia, Iran's regional rival, because the two countries have common interests in Syria.

Finally, Erdogan faces opposition within his own party. A purported meeting several weeks ago that included former President Abdullah Gul, former Deputy Prime Minister Bulent Arinc and other senior party members has fed speculation that rivals want to limit Erdogan's influence over the workings of government.

Officially, the Turkish President has limited powers. But since a landslide election victory in November, he has pushed to rewrite the constitution to strengthen the presidency and eliminate checks on his power.

Erdogan won't get the changes he wants. He's often as overbearing as Putin, but Turkey is not Russia. Erdogan's history suggests he'll try to bully his way into more power anyway. In the process, he'll antagonize more people—both at home and abroad. □

Erdogan's history suggests he'll try to bully his way into more power

ROUNDUP

Foreign filibusters

Lengthy filibusters are most common in the U.S., with none more famous than Strom Thurmond's 24-hour stand against civil rights legislation in 1957. But the tactic of speechifying to block a bill's passage is also used around the world. On Feb. 23, South Korean lawmakers broke records attempting to block legislation. Here's more on that and other lengthy filibusters.

—Tara John

192 HOURS

South Korea

The eight-day attempt to block an antiterrorism bill saw 39 lawmakers, including **Lee Jong-kul**, launch speeches. Before the filibuster's comeback in 2012, legislators would wrest control of the chamber through violent shoving and stacking furniture.

58 HOURS

Canada

This marathon filibuster in 2011 was a team affair, with 103 lawmakers making back-to-back 20-minute speeches to halt a bill on union contracts. Stalling tactics aren't rare in Canada: Ontario lawmakers delayed a bill for 10 days in 1997 by adding 11,000 amendments.

48 HOURS

Austria

The country's Social Democrats launched a series of speeches in 1925 in opposition to a former Finance Minister's becoming chairman of a committee. One lawmaker named Witternigg prolonged his monologue over two entire days by uttering two words every minute.



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SPOTLIGHT

The big names in Brazil's corruption scandal

THE 'CAR WASH' INVESTIGATION INTO corruption in Brazil, focusing on kick-backs at the state oil corporation Petrobras, has implicated dozens of politicians and executives in recent months. Lately, some of the country's best-known political figures are becoming tangled in its web:



LUIZ INÁCIO LULA DA SILVA

On March 4, police questioned the popular ex-President, known widely as Lula, for allegedly giving preferential treatment to two building firms connected to Petrobras. Although he denies wrongdoing, he is the most senior politician yet linked to the scheme.



JOÃO SANTANA Police arrested Santana, the highly influential former campaign chief to President Dilma Rousseff, on Feb. 23

for allegedly receiving \$7.5 million from executives at the center of the scandal.



EDUARDO CUNHA Brazil's top court agreed March 3 to permit charges against this key opposition figure, who has led impeachment proceedings against Rousseff for allegedly patching holes in her budget with public money. He has denied accepting \$5 million in bribes linked to the construction of two Petrobras oil-drilling ships.



DILMA ROUSSEFF The question now is how long the President, a former chair of the Petrobras board who has never been linked to

the scandal, can survive. The detention of Lula, her political mentor, came a day after media reports claimed a former party ally arrested in the probe had entered a plea bargain that directly implicated both of them. Opposition leaders are now mulling a halt on all legislation until she quits. —JULIA ZORTHIAN

Milestones



Martin, a.k.a. the "fifth Beatle," in the early 1960s

DIED

George Martin

A pioneer of pop production

By Brian Wilson

GEORGE WAS A GREAT INSPIRATION TO ME, with his orchestral arrangements and production. The albums he made with the Beatles just had that wonderful sound and made me want to make good music too. It was *Rubber Soul* that inspired me to write *Pet Sounds*. My favorite of his arrangements is for the song "Yesterday," because the violins sound so sweet. I also loved that song from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, "She's Leaving Home." It absolutely blew my mind.

In 1997, I got to be in the recording studio with George, who died March 8 at age 90, for a documentary. It was a thrill. I was in awe of him when I finally got to work with him all those years later. I just remember he was still very skilled at mixing and working in the console, despite losing his hearing in his later years. He was a handsome man with a calming voice, and when we were listening to "God Only Knows," I remember him saying how he loved my brother Carl's voice. He will be remembered as one of the great producers.

Wilson is a singer, composer and record producer who co-founded the Beach Boys

DIED

Raymond Tomlinson, 74, computer programmer and inventor of modern email, who first used the @ symbol to separate user names from server addresses. Tomlinson said in 2012 he chose the now iconic sign purely because "it denoted where the user was ... at."

► **Pat Conroy**, 70, author of *The Prince of Tides*, *The Great Santini* and *The Lords of Discipline*. His works were inspired by his abusive father and his time in South Carolina.

► **Elizabeth Garrett**, 52, Cornell University's first female president, of cancer, just eight months into the job.

OPENED

The world's most expensive train station, in downtown Manhattan. The \$4 billion **World Trade Center Transportation Hub**, designed by Santiago Calatrava, ended up costing about twice its original budget and opened seven years late.

RETIRED

Peyton Manning, 39, one of the greatest NFL quarterbacks, one month after leading the Denver Broncos to victory in Super Bowl 50. Over his 18-year career, he was known for setting league records for passing yards and touchdown passes, as well as for his rivalry with New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady.

Manning played 18 seasons ►



MARTIN: REUTERS; GETTY IMAGES (6)

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iPhone 6 [5]

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54

Rorsted's age

\$20 B

Adidas' market capitalization as of March 7

\$17 B

Global gap in sportswear sales between Nike and Adidas in 2015

15

Years served by previous Adidas CEO Herbert Hainer

◀ Rorsted is taking over troubled Adidas as sales of sportswear are exploding

Kasper Rorsted The future CEO of Adidas has a challenge ahead. The company has long been the world's No. 2 sports-apparel brand, but lackluster growth has seen it pressured by newcomers in the U.S. and ceding significant market share to global leader Nike in Western Europe. Adidas recently named Rorsted, a Danish executive with a reputation for cost cutting, to be its next CEO. It will be his job to draft a new game plan when he takes the reins in October.

CLAIMS TO FAME As the CEO of Henkel, a German consumer-products manufacturer, he's increased annual earnings in each of the past six years, largely by cutting jobs and shuttering failing brands. Rorsted was especially focused on improving Henkel's fortunes in the U.S.—experience that could help recharge Adidas' business there. Henkel's Persil detergent, popular in Europe but until recently relatively unknown in America, now competes with Tide at Walgreens across the country.

Adidas has partnered with Kanye West on a line of high-end sportswear and sneakers, including the Yeezy Boost 350



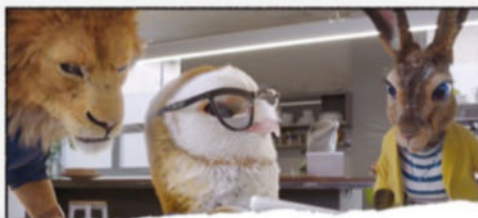
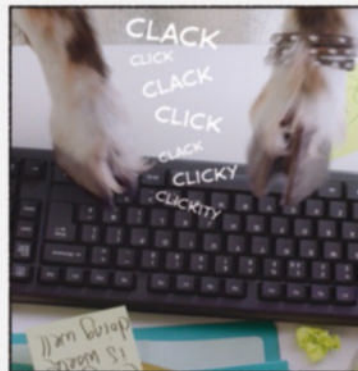
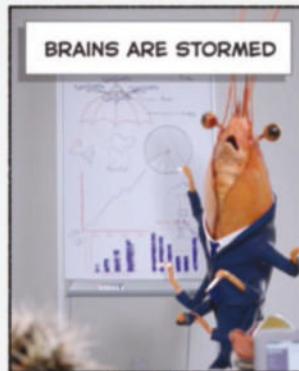
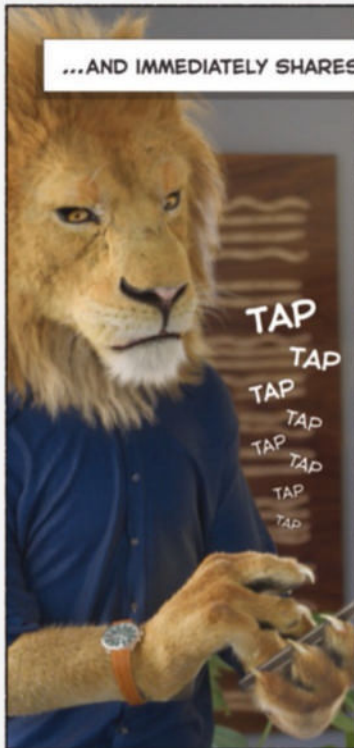
CURRENT CHALLENGES Competition—and it's not just Nike. Under Armour has reached the No. 2 spot in the sportswear market in the U.S.; Skechers passed Adidas in athletic shoes. While Adidas is saddled with a \$185 million deal with the injury-prone Chicago Bulls star Derrick Rose, the electric Golden State Warriors guard Stephen Curry is signed to Under Armour.

BIGGEST CHAMPIONS Investors, who one analyst said have a "cultlike" confidence in Rorsted's financial abilities. Henkel's share price has more than tripled since Rorsted took over in 2008. Adidas stock jumped 12% the day his appointment was announced.

BIGGEST OBSTACLE The company's struggling TaylorMade golf unit, which saw revenue decline 13% in 2015 amid falling interest in the sport. Adidas said last year that it might sell the unit, which could jibe with Rorsted's penchant for eliminating rather than reviving struggling brands.

CAN HE DO IT? He has a shot. Adidas is already on the rebound, with profits up 14% in 2015 after a couple of weak years. But Nike is further cementing its U.S. dominance by leveraging superstars like LeBron James, who signed a lifetime deal rumored to be worth more than \$500 million.

—VICTOR LUCKERSON

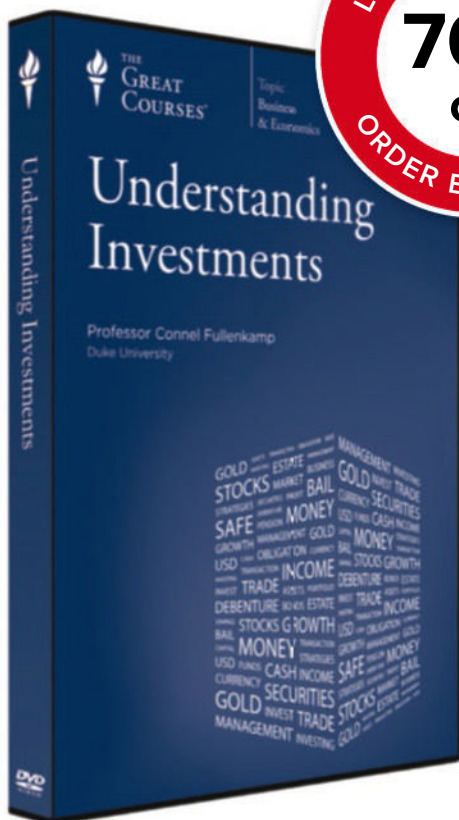


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NUTRITION

The dark side of the way Americans eat

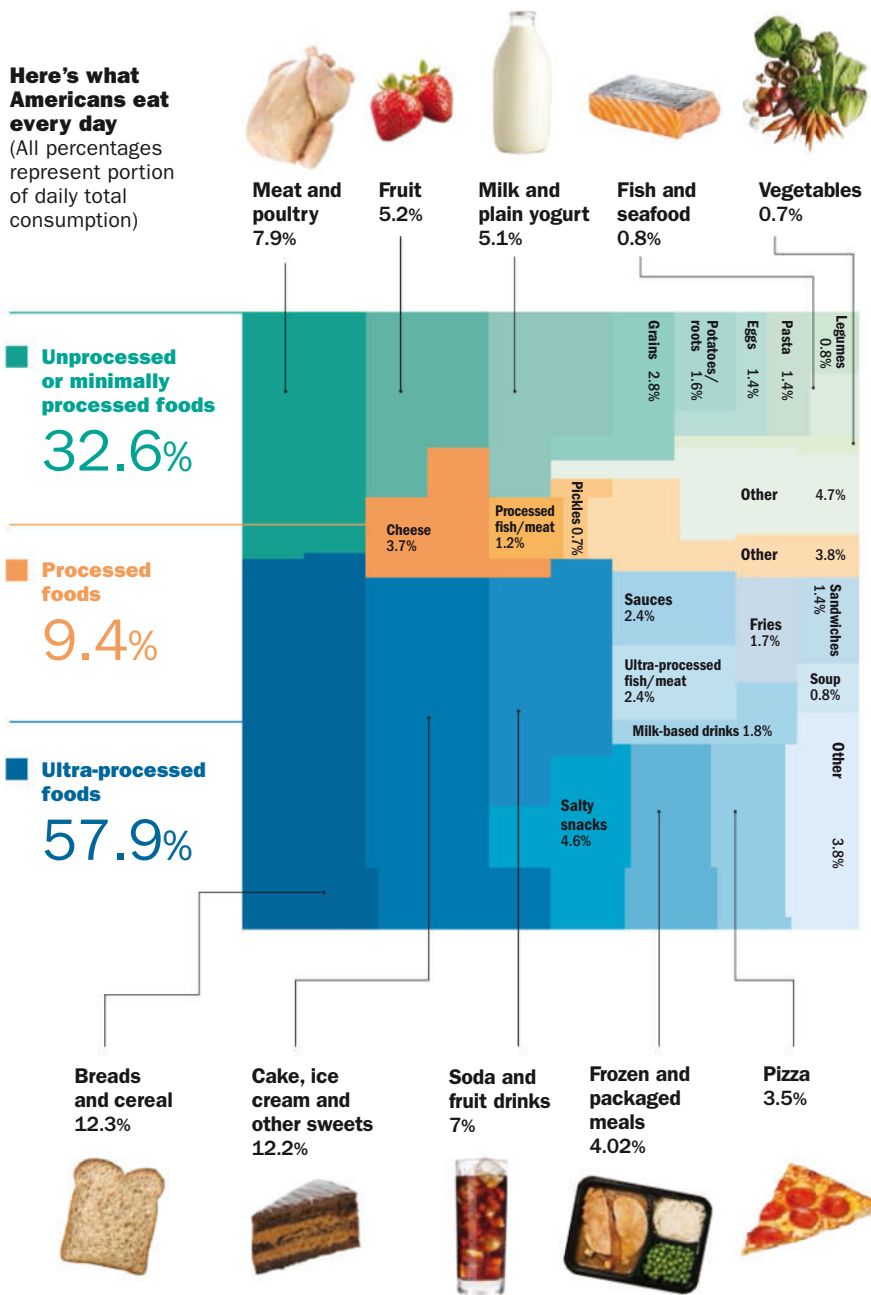
By Alice Park

THE STANDARD AMERICAN DIET, often referred to as SAD, isn't exactly a sterling example of healthy eating, but a new study in the journal *BMJ Open* suggests it may be worse than previously thought. When scientists surveyed the eating habits of a representative sample of more than 9,000 Americans, they found that nearly 60% of their calories came from so-called ultra-processed foods like soft drinks, snacks, cakes, pizza and frozen meals.

Those foods tend to be higher than whole foods in salt and fat, but they also contain added flavors, colors, emulsifiers, hydrogenated oils and other things not found in the average kitchen. They're high in sugar too. The study found that nearly 90% of the sugar in the U.S. diet isn't coming from fruit; it's coming from ultra-processed foods, where it's added to improve flavor, even in savory items like soups and sauces.

People who reported eating the least ultra-processed food also ate the least added sugar. This strongly suggests that a way to lower intake of sugar—which is linked to diabetes, heart disease and extra body fat—is to reduce excessively processed foods in the diet. The bottom line, says nutrition researcher Carlos Monteiro, the study's lead author: "Eat more minimally processed foods, more fresh dishes and meals that you prepare yourself."

Here's what Americans eat every day
(All percentages represent portion of daily total consumption)



NUTRITION Surprising science about food

Research is turning up new insights about commonly consumed nutrients

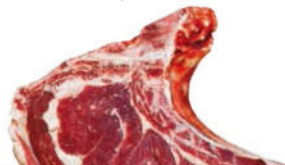
SALT MAKES PEOPLE OVEREAT

People took in more calories and ate 11% more pasta when it had lots of salt, regardless of its fat content. Salt may dull the fullness signals the body is supposed to feel, the study authors speculate.



THIS NUTRIENT FILLS YOU UP

Fiber isn't the only filling nutrient. Eating food with a higher protein count made people feel fuller than they did when they ate food with less protein, found a new analysis of five studies.



SOME CAFFEINE CAN SPIKE BLOOD PRESSURE

When people in a small study drank two energy drinks, their blood pressure rose and they had an altered heart rhythm two hours later, compared with when they drank flavored seltzer.







GREECE

A divided Europe closes its borders to refugees

THE THUNDERSTORM BLEW IN ON the night of March 7, drenching thousands of migrants sheltering at the refugee camp of Idomeni, on the Greek-Macedonian border. Fields turned into pools of mud beneath the tents, and lightning cut through the sky. But all Diab Heshmat could think about was a meeting taking place more than 1,400 miles away in Brussels, the E.U. capital. “What did they decide?” the Syrian refugee asked a TIME reporter. “Will they let us in?”

They wouldn’t. The E.U. summit that night proclaimed the end of what its leaders termed “irregular flows of migrants.” Governments would no longer allow refugees from war-ravaged countries like Syria and Iraq to flee to the Turkish coast, board a raft to Greece and travel on to seek refuge in Western Europe. Instead, the E.U. would pay Turkey billions of dollars in aid to take every migrant back.

More than a million migrants made that journey last year, encouraging others to follow. But Heshmat and his family had set out too late. Like tens of thousands of other migrants, they got trapped in Greece when European countries along the refugee trail closed their borders to the “irregular flows” in February. Their best hope after that was for the E.U. to welcome them during its summit in Brussels. Instead they got a thunderstorm.

—SIMON SHUSTER

Fog engulfs a makeshift camp for migrants stranded near the Greek village of Idomeni, on the border with Macedonia, on March 8

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIMITAR DILKOFF—
AFP/GETTY IMAGES

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The View

'THE STARTUP SCENE HAS BECOME A VERSION OF FLIP THIS HOUSE: BUY LOW, SELL HIGH.' —PAGE 31



*In the past year, networks have rebooted (clockwise from top left)
Full House, The X-Files, The Muppets and Heroes*

ENTERTAINMENT

Our nostalgia obsession is killing TV

By Daniel D'Addario

ON A DARK STREET IN A FICTIONAL town, two FBI agents in search of a supernatural beast—a giant alien lizard, to be precise—are interrogating a prostitute who managed to beat it off with her purse. The woman (played by drag queen Shangela) says the creature was wearing “tighty-whities, the same kind I used to wear.” Then, out of nowhere, she reveals that she’s transgender. Thanks to her wild story, she adds, local law enforcement “think I’m on crack.” A moment later, she admits that she is.

This exchange, from an episode of *The X-Files*, is among the most offensive ways to present a transgender character on TV, implying that her only defining qualities are sex work, hard drug use and a frank willingness to talk about her transition. If it had

happened during *The X-Files*’ first season, we’d look back at it as the worst, laziest sort of stereotype—and emblematic of its time (1993). But this episode aired for the first time just a few weeks ago, as part of a series “reboot” on Fox. And it’s in alarmingly good company.

Desperate to break through in a crowded market, TV networks are increasingly trying to revive old hits instead of making new ones. In the past few months, we’ve gotten rehashed versions of *Heroes*, *The Muppets*, *The X-Files* and *Full House*. Soon we’ll get *Gilmore Girls*, *Prison Break* and many more. These days it’s safe to assume that no cancellation is ever truly final.

Superficially, the appeal is clear. For fans, reboots offer a chance to spend more time with once-beloved

characters; for networks, they guarantee interest from audiences and the media, at least at first. This is the same logic that drives the film industry to spend billions reviving franchises like *Star Wars*, *Jurassic Park* and *Zoolander*.

But television is, or should be, different. Whereas movies are one-off spectacles, TV is immediate and intimate, created in a matter of days (or even hours) and broadcast directly into people's living rooms. This offers a singular opportunity to reflect modern society and—like so many of TV's best, most popular shows—to push it forward. Consider *I Love Lucy*, which helped normalize the idea of interracial marriage; *Star Trek*, whose diverse cast of idealists mirrored civil rights activists on Earth; and *Modern Family*, whose relatable gay couple softened conservative opposition to same-sex marriage.

Yet even the best TV cannot and should not live forever. Shows like *Full House* and *The X-Files* were created at specific times to capture specific zeitgeists, and they did so admirably. But the world has changed. And turning them back into must-see TV requires a lot more than ham-fisted iPhone jokes and poorly conceived transgender plotlines.

Or so say the viewers. *The Muppets* and *Heroes Reborn* have been huge ratings disappointments for ABC and NBC, respectively, ending their seasons with fewer than 4 million viewers a week. The *X-Files* miniseries fared slightly better but nonetheless saw ratings plummet more than 50% through its six-episode run. And although Netflix doesn't release viewership numbers, public response to *Fuller House* has been overwhelmingly tepid, so much so that Seth Meyers made a joke of reading bad reviews to series guest star John Stamos. Meanwhile, *Empire*—a show created in 2015 to address contemporary issues like homophobia and racism—remains one of the most watched dramas on television.

Nonetheless, we're on track to retread more old ground in prime time. CBS is working on a *MacGyver* revival, Showtime is bringing back cult hit *Twin Peaks*, and NBC is returning to antiquity with *Xena: Warrior Princess*. All of these shows will siphon money from programming budgets, preventing shows that are better—or at least fresher—from getting made.

Perhaps, though, there's a middle ground to be found. Whereas *Fuller House* and *The X-Files* relied heavily on familiar characters, Fox's upcoming 24: *Legacy* will replace its signature lead (Kiefer Sutherland) with Corey Hawkins, one of the stars of *Straight Outta Compton*. While it's too early to guess at what the storytelling will look like, the show's willingness to prioritize originality over fan service is a step in the right direction. For once it's not a reboot; it's a reinvention. □

VERBATIM

'It's not a man, woman, race, class thang! It's a Ghostbuster thang! And as far as I'm concerned, we all Ghostbusters!'

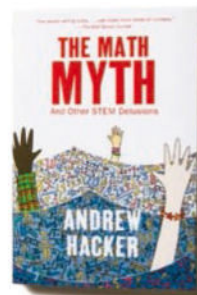
LESLIE JONES, star of the new *Ghostbusters*, in a tweet after a trailer revealed that her character is a subway worker, which some alleged was a racist stereotype



BOOK IN BRIEF

The Math Myth

ASK EXPERTS HOW TO FIX AMERICAN education and you'll hear the same answer again and again: more courses in STEM—or science, technology, engineering and math. In his new book, Andrew Hacker takes issue with that idea—specifically, mandating geometry, calculus and trigonometry. These subjects are not only unnecessary for most careers, he argues, but so difficult that they can turn people off education entirely. Research shows that struggling with math requirements is the No. 1 academic reason students don't finish high school or college—even if they're pursuing degrees in art or cosmetology. Of course, this doesn't mean U.S. schools shouldn't improve math programs; it's important for students to master arithmetic and basic algebra (think: solve for x). But overly tough expectations have created “intractable barriers for students whose aptitudes lie outside of mathematics,” Hacker writes. And that's a problem, he concludes, not a solution. —SARAH BEGLEY



CHARTOON

Smartphone vs. dog



answers if called
plays games
sleeps when inactive
handy alarm
occasionally falls in the toilet
doesn't shed



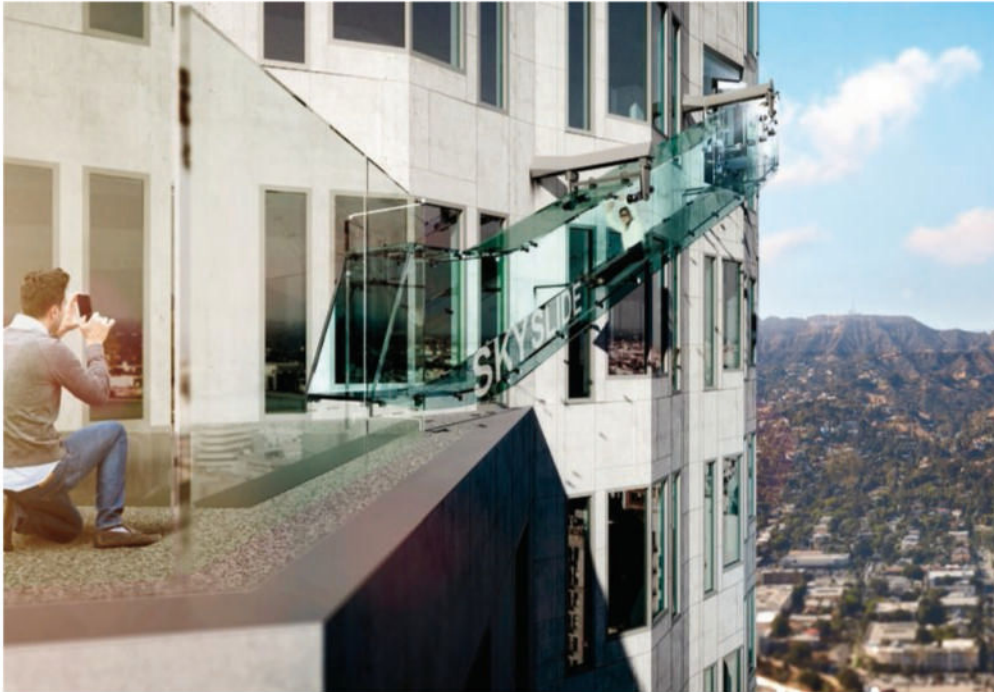
answers if called
plays games
sleeps when inactive
handy alarm
occasionally falls in the toilet
doesn't pocket dial your ex

JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

BIG IDEA

The sky-high slide

It's normal to feel starstruck in Los Angeles, but ... sky struck? That's the idea behind the Sky-slide, a glass-enclosed ramp that will sit roughly 1,000 ft. above city streets. Designed by M. Ludvik & Co., the 45-ft.-long attraction—made of 1.25-in.-thick glass that can withstand earthquakes and high winds—will jut out of the U.S. Bank Tower, taking riders from the 70th floor to the outdoor observation deck on the 69th floor. The biggest perk: “No chain fences in your selfies,” says John Gamboa, who's working on the project. It's expected to open June 25. —*Olivia B. Waxman*



QUICK TAKE

Startups are not as disruptive as they appear

By Douglas Rushkoff

WE FIRST GOT EXCITED ABOUT WEB STARTUPS because they didn't have to follow the script. Two kids in a dorm room could develop a platform that would change the world with little or no capital behind them. More than disrupting a particular industry, these companies had the potential to disrupt business itself, and we—the common people—would all be better and richer for it.

Or so the thinking went. Then the rapid growth of companies like AOL and Amazon—no matter the strength of their underlying businesses—whetted Wall Street's appetite for exponential growth. And young founders took the bait, prioritizing inflated valuations over sustainable business models. The ideal shifted from building a company to getting it acquired. And so the startup scene became a

version of *Flip This House*: buy low, sell high.

Now, more than a decade into the tech boom, it's clear that digital startups are not the great equalizers many people thought they were. Rather, they've just found more effective ways to extract value—from drivers (Uber), neighborhoods (Airbnb), personal data (Facebook) and more. And by and large, the profits go to wealthy investors.

Perhaps we should have seen this coming. After all, when startup founders are invited to ring the bell on the stock exchange, it's not because they've disrupted the way we do business. It's because they've maintained it.

Rushkoff is the author of Throwing Rocks at the Google Bus: How Growth Became the Enemy of Prosperity



HOW TO TAKE THE PERFECT NAP

There are many benefits to napping—including, new research shows, fending off colds and improving cardiovascular health. Here's how to do it well:

1

PICK A REGULAR TIME

A daily schedule helps train your body to know when it's nap time, says W. Christopher Winter, a board-certified sleep-medicine physician.

He recommends late morning or early afternoon to avoid interfering with your night sleep.

2

SET YOUR ALARM FOR 20 TO 25 MINUTES

That's enough time to help you wake up refreshed without falling into deeper stages of sleep—at which point you wake up groggy, thanks to a phenomenon called sleep inertia.

3

AVOID STIMULI

Turn off your phone and find the darkest, quietest place you can, since a bright, boisterous environment can keep you from falling asleep or wake you up midnap.

4

SMELL LAVENDER

No, really: In one 2012 study, when men and women fell asleep to that scent, they slept better and woke up feeling more alert.

—*K. Aleisha Fetters*

The landmark mission gets us closer to Mars—but only a little

By Jeffrey Kluger

IN THE WAKE OF SCOTT KELLY'S SAFE and healthy return to Earth on March 2 after spending nearly a year aboard the International Space Station, NASA has said (and said and said) that this mission brings humanity a big step closer to a crewed landing on Mars. There's some truth to that—but the next steps are complicated.

The human body does not react well to prolonged exposure to zero gravity and would break down in all manner of ways over the 2½ years a round-trip mission to Mars would take. Studying the extent of that damage—to the heart, the eyes, the muscles, the bones, the immune system and more—in a one-year, close-to-home mission can help scientists develop ways to reduce, if not eliminate, the harm. And with Kelly's identical twin—retired astronaut Mark Kelly—serving as a control subject this past year and in the follow-up work to come, the results are likely to be especially robust.

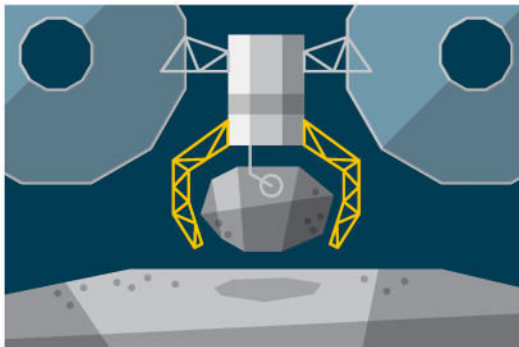
But NASA has not just sold the value of the Kelly mission; it has oversold it, making it seem as if that were a final box that needed ticking before an expedition to the Red Planet could set sail. That's not quite the case. The space agency's Mars program still needs—in no particular order—a rocket, a crew vehicle, a budget, a target date, a firm schedule and a political commitment from Washington. And a single year-in-space mission simply cannot yield all the answers on the biomedical front.

It's not overstating things to say that while NASA's unmanned program has been thriving for decades—with the flyby of Pluto last summer only the latest in a string of deep-space triumphs—the business of exploring space with human crews has been adrift since the long-ago days of the moon landings. It would be wrong to think a trip to Mars is beyond us. But it would also be wrong to conclude that we're ready to blast off. □



MORE LONG FLIGHTS

The International Space Station has perhaps a decade of life left, and NASA is considering as many as 10 one-year missions like Kelly's. For this, **diversity will be important**. Kelly is a 50-something man who has flown four missions. A woman or a rookie or a younger astronaut (or even an older one) might react to a year in space in an entirely different way. Scientists must know how the human body in general fares, not just one type of body.

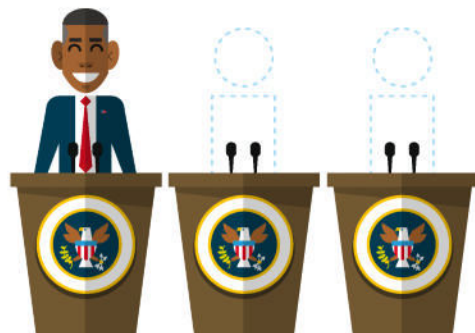


FIND YOUR FOCUS

For most of the Obama Administration, Mars has been a secondary goal for human exploration. First came an **asteroid redirect mission (ARM)**, which involved sending a robot ship to find a small asteroid, push it to near lunar space and then send astronauts there. Why? That's never been clear. Bet on the next President to scrap ARM and instead focus resources on Mars. That, at least, is a clear objective.

STAY THE COURSE

The moon program spanned 11 years, six Congresses and three Presidents. While there were fights over funding, there was bipartisan accord on the goal. That kind of comity will have to be repeated—and exceeded—if we're going to reach Mars. Even the rosiest scenarios don't envision a Martian expedition taking place before the early 2030s, which would require **Washington follow-through for a daunting 15 years or more**.



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OUR ASTRONAUTS SAFE,
WE'LL FOCUS ON
KEEPING OUR FUTURE
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Paul Fredrick



IN THE ARENA

Distracted by Trump, we, the media, came too late to the promise of John Kasich

By Joe Klein

ON THE DAY BEFORE THE MICHIGAN PRIMARY, WHEN there still seemed a glimmer of a sliver of a possibility that John Kasich might emerge as the sane Republican alternative to Donald Trump, the governor of Ohio was having fun at a town meeting in Monroe, Mich. He barged into the middle of his wife Karen's attempt to introduce him. "What did you just say?" the candidate asked, looking, as usual, as if he'd just gotten out of bed. She'd just said that they "smiled and laughed every day." And now she added, "You smiled at me this morning." He said that was only because she had shared a box of chocolate-covered cherries with him. "My staff knows," he went on, "I never share."

With the casual, slightly goofy tone established, Kasich set off on one of his magical mystery tours—I've never seen him give the same speech twice—which included this response to a question about immigration: "I'm in favor of building the Ohio-Michigan border fence," he said. "I need to protect the Ohio-speaking people."

I THOUGHT about the modest chocolate cherry on election night, watching Donald Trump celebrate his victories surrounded by heaping platters of Trump steaks, bottles of Trump wine and Trump water and copies of *Trump* magazine—and a slew of Trump flunkies, society folks, members of his Jupiter, Fla., country club, including the golf club's champion. Trump admitted that he'd won some club championships too, which had prepared him for . . . the presidency, because "you gotta know how to close."

Kasich and Trump are the two great political performance artists this year, and they are night and day. Trump's speeches are all about him: his polls, his edifices, his steaks. Kasich's speeches are about the audience. He encourages people to tell their "stories." Often, these have little or nothing to do with politics. After Monroe, in Grosse Pointe Woods, he was riding a favorite hobbyhorse, about how spending a year or two in community college on the way to a four-year degree could save you a lot of money. "I'm doing that!" interrupted 19-year-old Alexa Kelly, who also admitted that she had lost some family members last summer and had been very depressed. "What you said before about getting help [if you're feeling all alone], that really works." Cue hug, applause, tears.

What Kasich is doing is so unusual that it's taken some time for the public to catch on, in large part because we the media have been so caught up in Trumpery. Kasich is the least hortatory candidate in the race. You listen to Hillary Clinton making grand pronouncements—"And isn't it about time that we had equal pay for women?"—and you cringe: Yeah, of course, it is . . . but why are you yelling at me? Yelling is what politicians did before there were microphones.

THE GROWNUP

At the debate in Detroit, Kasich said, "I have never tried to go and get into these scrums that we're seeing here onstage," and he expressed optimism for his chances: "I'm the little engine that can."

In contrast with his rivals, Kasich said deporting undocumented parents "when they have not committed a crime" is un-American: "That is not, in my opinion, the kind of values we believe in."



Kasich rarely raises his voice. He tosses off casual admissions of failure. "Michigan has a lower income tax than we [in Ohio] do," he said in Monroe, "and it's killing me." He has the substantive side of the campaign covered—and occasionally, his offhand insights can be striking. Talking about Trump's wild threats and promises, he mused in Monroe, "Most of the things that people like to hear, they know they're never going to happen. They just like to hear them."

IN THE DAYS before the Michigan primary, there were portents of a Kasich breakthrough. An NBC poll showed him doubling his strength nationally, leaping past Marco Rubio, whose collapsing campaign offered Kasich space to run as the moderate alternative to Trump. A strong second-place finish in Michigan might open the door to a victory in Ohio. But Kasich finished third, behind Ted Cruz. It was an improvement, and victory in Ohio seemed possible, but Trump's wins in Michigan and Mississippi, the relentless quality of his juggernaut, made the quixotic nature of Kasich's quest—and Cruz's, for that matter—all the more obvious. (The governor of Ohio would have to be seen as a strong vice-presidential possibility, though.)

A few months ago, even before the voting began, Kasich was asked why he was still in the race, given his microscopic poll numbers. He shrugged and went off on one of his riffs, talking about how some candidates save the real truths for their concession speeches: "And you ask yourself, Why couldn't he have said that stuff when he was running?" Well, Kasich went on, he was trying to make every speech like that—tell the truth, let the chips fall. In the months since, he has been as good as his word. And if and when he does drop out, the regrets should be all ours: What a fresh voice we have squandered. □

Nation

In 2007, Oklahoma had one earthquake. Last year, there were more than 900. What happened? Greed, politics and the biggest oil boom in decades

BY JOSH SANBURN/OKLAHOMA CITY

ANGELA SPOTTS DREAMS OF EARTHQUAKES. NOT OF HER house falling through a crack in the earth or her walls tumbling down. She imagines them happening, their seismic waves buckling the red dirt plains outside. She often gets jolted awake at night, not knowing if she's feeling an actual quake or if it's in her mind. If it's real—and more often than not these days, it is—she looks at the clock, makes a note of the time so she can report it, and tries to go back to sleep.

Spotts, 54, lives in Stillwater, home of the Oklahoma State Cowboys and the National Wrestling Hall of Fame, a favorite city of oil and gas baron T. Boone Pickens that was named, according to locals, because the water was always calm. Today it is one of the most seismic places on the planet.

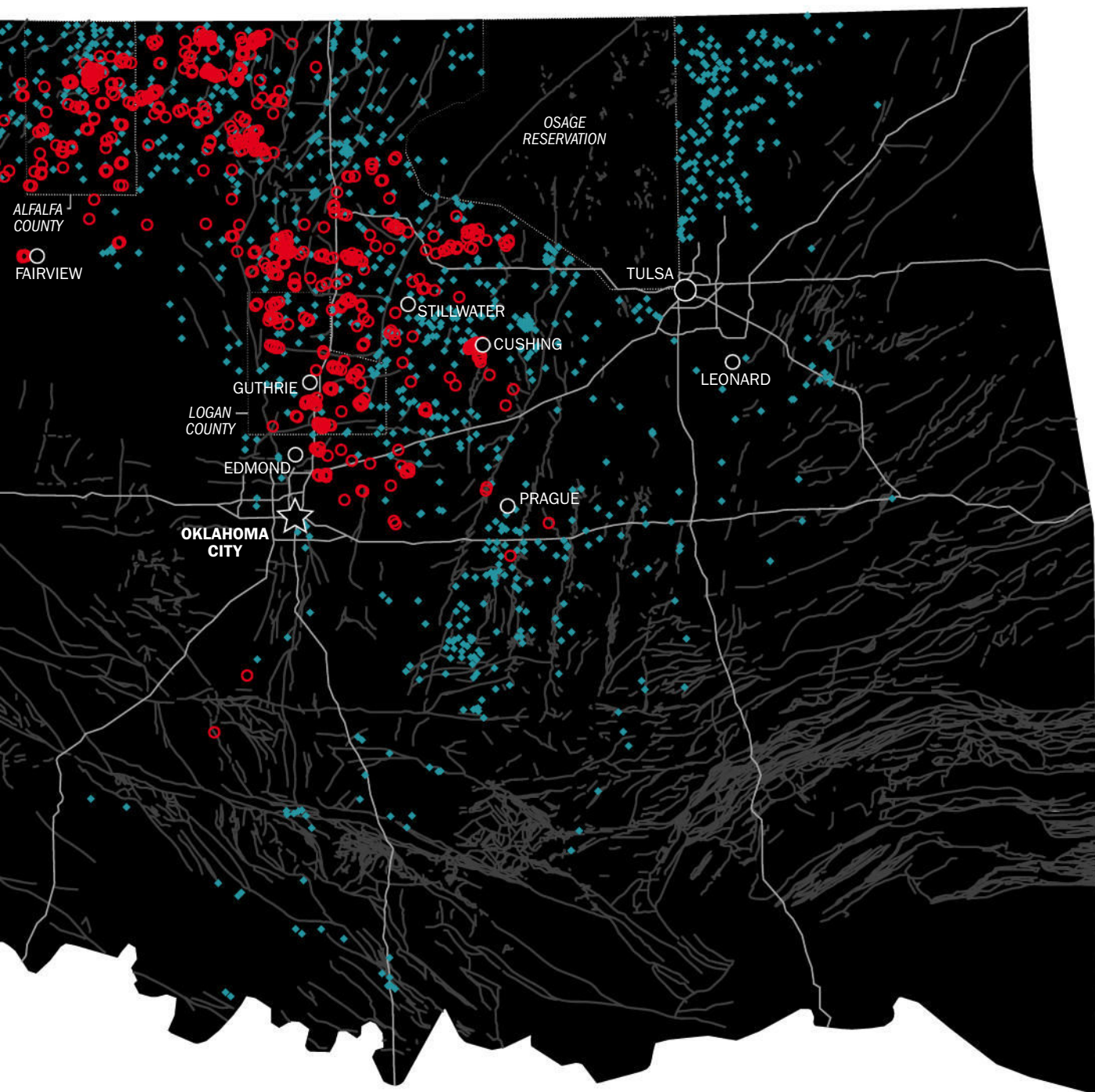
In 2007, Oklahoma had one earthquake of magnitude 3—the lowest level at which they can usually be felt—or higher. Last year, there were 907. The state now has more 3-plus earthquakes than California and is on pace to have twice as many

Legend

 EARTHQUAKES
IN 2015

 FAULT LINES

 WASTEWATER-
DISPOSAL
WELLS



10

Of the 12 largest earthquakes in Oklahoma history, the number that have hit since 2011

**300
MILLION**

Number of years since some of Oklahoma's faults were last active, before the recent earthquakes

0

Number of seismologists currently employed by the state of Oklahoma

20%

Percentage of jobs in Oklahoma that are related to the oil and gas industry

magnitude-4 quakes as in all of 2015. Of the 12 largest tremors in the state's history, 10 have occurred since 2011. Four have struck since November, including the third largest, a 5.1 tremor that hit outside Fairview on Feb. 13. The town has felt more than 50 quakes since then.

No place in the world has ever experienced earthquakes at such a rate in such a short time, let alone somewhere wholly unprepared for them. As a result, a state accustomed to dodging tornadoes is scrambling to get a handle on a destructive force of a completely different nature. Many residents now download earthquake-tracker apps—the state's two largest newspapers have launched online maps—and try to predict the strength of nearby quakes on Facebook (closest guess wins bragging rights). Schools have begun conducting quake-preparedness drills. Interest in earthquake insurance—if residents can get it—has skyrocketed, while property values for those living near fault lines have plummeted. It's gotten so bad that some are considering something more reminiscent of Tom Joad's time: leaving the state altogether.

At the center of it all is what virtually everything in Oklahoma has revolved around since statehood: oil and gas. The energy business indirectly accounts for 1 in 5 jobs around the state and roughly 10% of its GDP. Oklahoma City's tallest buildings are named for oil and gas companies. The state's sports stadiums bear the names of energy firms and their billionaire founders. Even the state capitol sits atop a giant oil field, surrounded by pump-jacks dipping their beaks into the earth below. Energy makes or breaks Oklahoma. And right now, it's breaking it.

Following years of denials, state officials finally acknowledged last April what scientists had been saying publicly for some time: Oklahoma's transformation into a seismic hot zone is connected to its most important industry. From 2010 to 2014, oil production in the state nearly doubled and natural gas grew by almost 50%, according to the research firm RegionTrack. New drilling technologies made it possible to extract oil from sites once considered too watery, while the soaring price of crude made it worth the hassle. But it turns out that disposal wells, which inject back into the earth the salty wastewater that comes to the

surface alongside oil and gas, have been lubricating the fault lines buried deep beneath the prairie floor. Those shifting faults have led to so many earthquakes that the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) tells TIME it plans to issue a new hazard map in late March that ranks Oklahoma as one of the most quake-prone states in the nation. On earlier maps, Oklahoma was a seismic afterthought.

Yet state leaders have been hesitant to take any measures that might anger the energy industry. For years, the official line was that the quakes were naturally occurring; others claimed, incorrectly, that the state had always had significant seismic activity. Some still say more research needs to be done. Even during this year's State of the State address, Governor Mary Fallin praised first responders in tornadoes, floods and blizzards. But when a legislator called out, "And earthquakes!" the governor said, "I wasn't going to say that word, but thank you for reminding me."

The omission speaks to a larger point. For over a decade, Oklahoma has been one of the biggest beneficiaries of America's oil boom. Two pioneers of the fracking revolution, Chesapeake Energy and Devon Energy, are headquartered in the state. As oil prices climbed over \$100 a barrel, Oklahoma's tax base grew, its unemployment rate fell, and the state even landed its first big-league sports team—the NBA's Oklahoma City Thunder.

But after its steady rise, the price of oil has fallen to \$30, thanks to decreased demand and a global supply glut. And the downturn is being felt particularly hard in the Sooner State. Large energy companies have laid off thousands of employees. Smaller outfits are losing money on every barrel. Chesapeake—which put its name on the Thunder's downtown arena—lost 80% of its value in the past year. Businesses that depended on the sector are

suffering as a result. Greco Motors, near Oklahoma City, said it has gone from selling one car a day to 12 a month.

And Aubrey McClendon, Chesapeake's swaggering co-founder and former CEO, died in a high-speed, single-car crash on March 2, one day after being indicted for rigging oil and gas leases. It was hard not to see in the timing a tragically symbolic end to the boom he helped create. "It's pretty bleak," says Chad Warmington, president of the Oklahoma Oil & Gas Association, describing the state of the industry. "The mood is extremely negative."

As nearly any longtime resident will proudly tell you, Oklahoma has weathered busts before. But there is a big difference between the current climate and the 1980s, the last time the price of oil tanked so rapidly. In addition to lost jobs and shrinking 401(k)s, Oklahomans now have to contend with the ground shaking beneath their feet. The energy boom may be over, but the man-made geological mess it created has gotten worse.

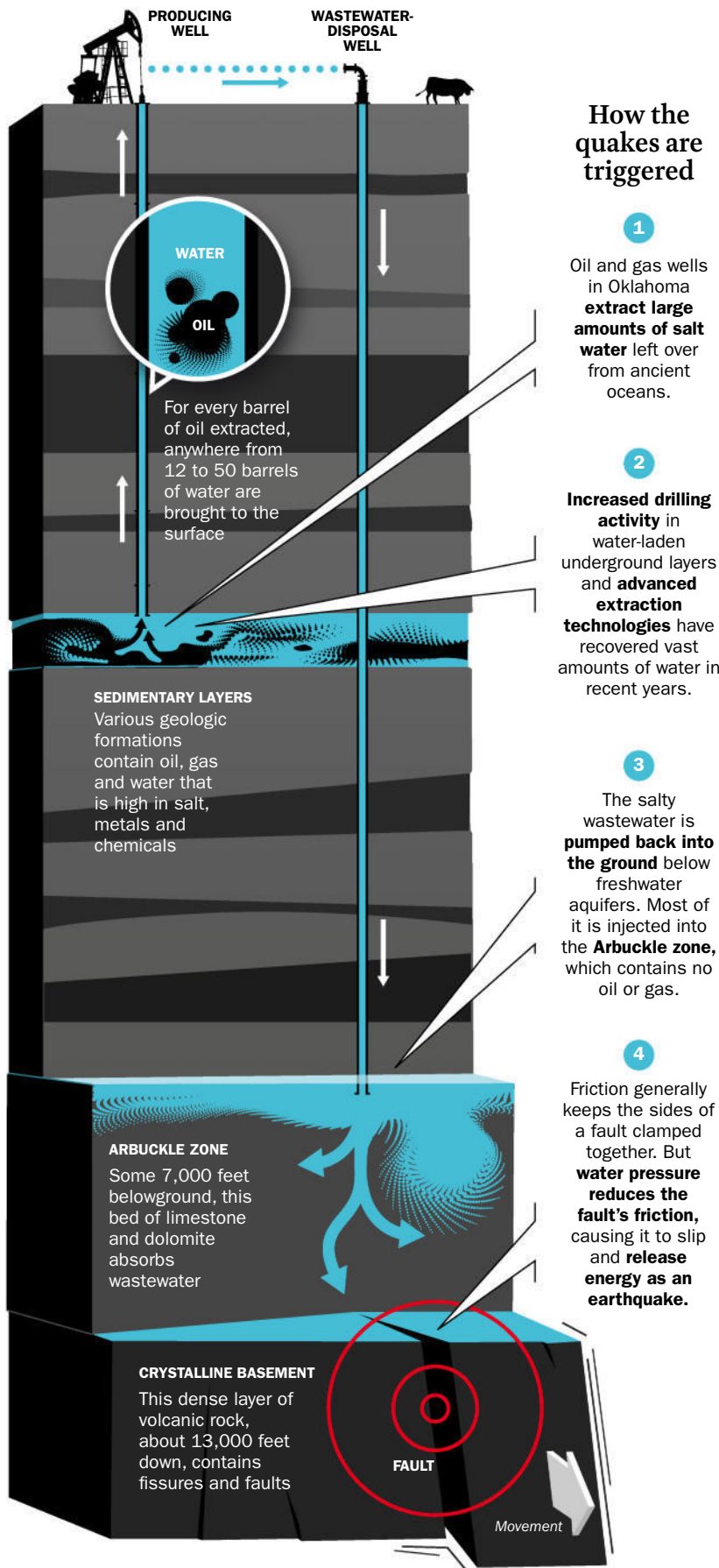
"You have scientists warning us that a big one is coming," says Spotts, who became a vocal industry critic when an oil well showed up within 900 ft. of her house. "The more we shake, the worse it's going to get. It's coming."

SOUTH OF THE UNINCORPORATED township of Leonard, Okla., along Glasnost Road, sits what's left of the Leonard Geophysical Observatory, a series of mil-dewy structures filled with outdated seismographs and faded maps of the USSR. This, says Jerry Boak, the director of the Oklahoma Geological Survey, was the one place where earthquakes were monitored throughout the state—"until we started having all of this activity."

When the OGS was founded in 1908 to study the state's natural resources, Oklahoma was seismically asleep. It remained so quiet that in 1990 this outpost was chosen as one of three locations where the Soviet Union could monitor nuclear activity anywhere in the U.S. under the Threshold Test Ban Treaty. It was a perfect site: in the middle of the country in a place with virtually no seismicity to get in the way.

Historically Oklahoma had about one earthquake a year, on a par with states like South Dakota and North Carolina. But the frequency ratcheted up as the oil boom took hold. By 2009, it had 20.

The energy boom may be over, but the man-made geological mess it created has gotten worse



The next year it had 35. Then on Nov. 5, 2011, around 10:53 p.m., an earthquake measuring 5.6 struck near Prague, a small town about 50 miles east of Oklahoma City. It was powerful enough to collapse a tower at a nearby college and was felt in parts of Arkansas, Kansas and Missouri.

"It felt like a plane hit the front of our house," says resident Sandra Ladra, 65. Her stone fireplace, which reached the top of her 28-ft. A-frame ceiling, began to crumble. One of the stones fell and crushed her knee. "I thought we were going to die," says Ladra, who is suing two energy companies for damages.

The Prague earthquake was the strongest ever recorded in Oklahoma. The timing, many scientists say, was no coincidence. For years, the primary way to extract fossil fuels was by drilling a hole vertically into the earth. It was a costly endeavor, with a success rate of only about 1 in 3 wells. But over the past decade, new technologies including horizontal drilling and hydraulic fracturing, better known as fracking, allowed drillers to complete wells more quickly and efficiently. Horizontal drilling captures five times as much oil as a vertical well and can drill in two weeks' time what used to take months, while fracking, which uses high-pressurized water to break apart underground rock, allowed companies to tap new sources of shale oil and gas. Today, the industry's drilling success rate is closer to 80%.

Those technologies helped companies expand domestic exploration in places like the Mississippian Lime, a carbonate rock formation thousands of feet belowground in north-central Oklahoma and south-central Kansas. Part of an ancient shoreline that ran through Oklahoma millions of years ago, the area had been only lightly drilled because it was filled with water that was too expensive to separate from the oil and gas at the surface. But as the price of oil increased, energy companies now had the capability—and the financial incentive—to pull it out of even the most waterlogged formations.

"This is a by-product of \$100 oil," says Mark Zoback, a Stanford University geophysicist and an adviser to the oil-field-services giant Baker Hughes. "Those formations had been known about forever, but because they produced so much water, it was uneconomical."

Kyle Murray, an OGS hydrogeologist, says firms went from drilling 50 to 100 wells per month to up to 250 in 2015, with some wells producing 65 barrels of water for every barrel of oil. Alfalfa County, at the state's northern edge, jumped from producing 40 million barrels of wastewater annually to 200 million. In 2014, the entire state produced an estimated 3 billion barrels. Much of this water, which Boak describes as saltier than the Dead Sea, was then injected into the porous Arbuckle zone, a series of carbonate rock formations about 7,000 ft. below the surface. It was thought to be the perfect candidate, Murray says, because it could accept the fluid and was far from freshwater sources.

Few realized, however, just how much pressure was building up in the Arbuckle, stressing fault lines in the crystalline basement rock below. Some seismologists liken the scenario to an air-hockey table. Imagine the puck and the table as two separate rock formations on opposite sides of a fault. When the air is off, the puck sits still. But turn the air on and the puck begins to move because the friction is reduced. Those billions of barrels, says Art McGarr, a geophysicist with the USGS's Earthquake Hazards Program, reactivated faults that hadn't moved in 300 million years.

After Prague, earthquakes started happening in places where residents had never even felt a rumble. At her home in Guthrie, Lisa Griggs was woken up by the Prague quake roughly 60 miles away. By 2014, she was feeling a tremor every few weeks, then every few days. On June 26, 2015, there were 50 quakes recorded near Guthrie, causing her house to make what she describes as a twisting motion.

"That night there were a whole bunch of people on Facebook together," Griggs says. "We were like, Oh my God, this is terrifying. It's not stopping." She says the quakes led to more than \$100,000 in damage to her home and spurred her to file a class-action lawsuit against four of the state's largest energy companies.

During the June 26 quake swarms, Pat

Duggan fired off a string of real-time texts to his state representative: "Another one, eight in a row." "Another one, 10 now." "This is crazy." "The biggest one yet." "They're just constant."

SCIENTISTS HAVE KNOWN that humans can induce earthquakes since the late 1960s, when researchers found that chemical waste injected underground at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal caused a series of quakes that were felt in nearby Denver.



Jackie Dill, near an oil well outside her home in Coyle, says she's felt 30 earthquakes in one day

By 2013, many leading experts were confident that the same phenomenon was at play in Oklahoma. But the OGS repeatedly said there wasn't enough information to establish a link between oil and gas drilling and the state's increased seismicity. In March 2013, the agency attributed the Prague quake to "natural causes." To critics, the unwillingness to acknowledge the connection was less about scientific ignorance than political back-scratching.

The energy sector is a generous donor, and Governor Fallin has been treated particularly well. In her 2014 campaign, Fallin received more money from oil and gas than any other industry, according to state records. When a Fallin aide contacted Devon Energy after the Prague quake, emails obtained by the news site

EnergyWire show her office received a memo from the company that read in part: "There is no current evidence that oil and gas operations had anything to do with the recent large earthquakes in Oklahoma." According to EnergyWire, the memo was circulated among state officials for use as talking points. Fallin declined to comment for this story.

In September 2014, after legislative hearings on the cause of the quakes, state representative Mark McBride, vice chair of the energy and natural-resources committee, released a statement saying: "Currently, there is no scientific evidence that there is a correlation between the injection wells and seismic activity."

It would take another seven months until the state belatedly acknowledged what the scientific community and many in the public already knew. "Until about a year ago, I think they were trying to pretend that we didn't exist," says McGarr, the USGS geophysicist. "But they were finally forced into the realization that their techniques that led

to enormous volumes of wastewater disposal have led to some large, damaging earthquakes."

By April 2015, the OGS abruptly reversed course and released a statement saying the agency "considers it very likely" that there's a tie between disposal-well volumes and earthquakes. Still, many remain hesitant to point the finger at the industry that made Oklahoma. In Fairview, where an oil well greets visitors as they enter town, some residents say they've heard the rise in quakes could be linked to the recent drought. The mayor of Oklahoma City, who worked closely with energy firms and their executives to help revive the city's downtown, also questions the relationship.

"I don't know what's causing them," says Mayor Mick Cornett. "I have no idea. How would I know?" When told geologists believe there's a link, Cornett, who says the city is not making any special preparations for a big one, replied, "Well, I'm not a scientist."

THE AGENCY TASKED with regulating the energy industry is the Oklahoma Corporation Commission (OCC), a state body formed in 1907 to oversee utilities and private companies that provide public services. Before the state's about-face on quakes, the OCC took limited action on disposal wells. Since then, it has issued more than a dozen directives to energy companies to close down disposal wells, limit their depths and lower their wastewater volumes. After a series of quakes in Edmond, an affluent suburb of Oklahoma City, the most stringent orders yet were issued this year. They cover 10,000 sq. mi. and 600 disposal wells in the seismic hotbeds in northwestern and central Oklahoma. From June 2015 to January 2016, wastewater disposal has fallen by 451,000 barrels per day, according to state officials. The new orders would cut an additional 800,000 barrels a day.

"We're taking on much larger programs than in the past," says Tim Baker, head of the OCC's oil and gas division. "And we're not going away." Wastewater volume, however, is self-reported, and the OCC has just 55 inspectors to check more than 1,000 Arbuckle disposal wells. "I'm not going to say that every report is perfect," says OCC spokesman Matt Skinner. "On wells we deem critical, we are hands-on. Our inspectors are there and reading the meters."

Others point to parts of Arkansas and Kansas that have reduced seismic activity tied to disposal wells. But Baker says those instances are more isolated. Arkansas, for example, only needed to plug four wells to halt quakes. "Our problem has always been the magnitude," Baker says.

Oklahoma secretary of energy and environment Michael Teague admits the state's initial response was slow but points to the \$1.4 million in emergency funding Fallin recently directed to OGS and OCC as evidence of a revived commitment. "We're putting resources into research because we need to understand the problem," Teague says, adding that the governor is "absolutely engaged in this. It's [part of] every cabinet meeting."

The energy industry, however, has not had a similar conversion. In December, SandRidge Energy defied an OCC directive to shut down wells in Alfalfa County, relenting only after the commission threatened legal action. Warming-ton, who leads the industry's largest trade group, admits to a correlation between injection activity and earthquakes but will not say that disposal wells are the cause. "We're not denying there's a tie, but the science is evolving," he says.



An oil pump in suburban Edmond. Signs of the industry are everywhere in the state

As quakes continue, many residents are learning that they're not covered for damage. The state's insurance department estimates that 15% to 20% of residents now have earthquake insurance, but it's typically catastrophic coverage, meaning homes often need to be lying in a pile for a successful claim to be filed. Most residents instead are dealing with the cumulative toll of dozens of smaller quakes.

"What pisses me off is that we've changed the assumption of risk to live in the state of Oklahoma, and we seem to be O.K. with it," says state representative Cory Williams, a Stillwater Democrat whose bill requiring insurers to cover induced earthquakes failed in the legislature.

"This is death by a thousand cuts," says David Poarch, a lawyer behind a lawsuit against 12 energy firms. Poarch's suit

is one of several, including one filed by the Sierra Club in February, attempting to limit disposal-well volume.

Whatever the outcome of those suits, the slumbering oil economy may prove to be its own watchdog. In March, there were just 70 active oil rigs in the state, down from a high of 214 in September 2014. Wastewater-disposal volumes also decreased in 2015. And the number of quakes is down by about 20% in 2016 compared with last year.

But even as the oil boom recedes, its dangerous legacy will remain. Earthquakes create their own momentum: the more magnitude-3 quakes you have, the more 4s; the more 4s there are, the more 5s—and Oklahoma is already on pace to have more 4s this year than in 2015. Some researchers worry about even longer-term consequences. Daniel McNamara, a USGS geophysicist, says he believes if all disposal-well activity stopped today, the state could still have earthquakes for decades. "I have never seen anything like it and never read anything like it in history," he says.

Later this month, the USGS plans to release its new earthquake-hazard map, which cities and states use when creating building codes and calculating insurance rates. The map, which had been based on a 50-year time horizon, used to come out every six years and never included induced earthquakes. But Oklahoma has changed the agency's calculus. The map will now be released annually and will include man-made quakes. USGS officials say Oklahoma will look a lot like California: a big splotch of bright red.

Living inside that red zone will be residents like Spotts. In the fall, she and her husband were sitting on the sofa when a 4.3 quake hit Stillwater. "It whiplashed us," she says. "We looked at each other and said, I don't want to own a home anymore. How do we live here and grow old?" They want to move but worry they won't get enough for their home given the quakes. "I'm not going to run from the fight," Spotts says. "But I don't know if I can live in it anymore." □

*The Reagans wave at the 1976
GOP convention in Kansas City,
Mo., where he narrowly lost the
nomination to Gerald Ford*





POLITICS

The Party's Over

Once known for common sense,
the GOP gives way to Donald Trump

BY PETER WEHNER

With the death on March 6 of a dignified First Lady—an influential cultural figure in her own right and the devoted keeper of her husband’s flame—both Ronald and Nancy Reagan have now passed into history. Increasingly, it appears, the same can be said of the party they took such care in shaping.

The most obvious evidence of this is the rise of Donald Trump, a man who is the antithesis of so much that Ronald Reagan stood for: intellectual depth and philosophical consistency, respect for ideas and elevated rhetoric, civility and personal grace. The fact that Trump is the favorite to win the Republican presidential nomination shows how far the GOP has drifted from the animating spirit of the most consequential and revered Republican since Abraham Lincoln.

Trump’s attempt at a hostile takeover is not a thunderclap on a cloudless day. It was years in the making. And when the mantle worn by Reagan might be settling on the likes of Trump, this end-of-an-era moment demands that we reflect on what has happened to our Republican Party.

For those of us open to such self-examination—to understanding what conditions gave rise to Trump and Trumpism—the explanation starts with certain harmful habits. These include employing apocalyptic rhetoric, like the assertion that America is on the verge of becoming Nazi Germany. Such reckless language is evidence of fevered and disordered minds and paves the way for Trump’s incendiary rhetoric.

BUT THAT’S HARDLY the whole of it. Republicans embraced the political knife-fighting tactics of Newt Gingrich in the 1990s and light-as-air political figures like Sarah Palin in the 2000s. Many Republicans—including self-proclaimed

WE MUST
MAKE OUR
PARTY A
WELCOMING
PARTY AGAIN

“constitutional conservatives”—began to speak of compromise as a synonym for capitulation, which is odd given that the Constitution itself was the result of a whole series of accommodations—and Reagan was a gifted compromiser. (In the debate over the Constitution, there was even a deal struck that came to be known as the Great Compromise, by which every state was to have two members in the U.S. Senate, offsetting proportional representation in the House.) Republicans became suspicious too of the “spirit of moderation” that James Madison argued is essential in understanding which measures are in the public good. What many modern Republicans are looking for is conflict, confrontation, the politics of the cage match.

At some point along the way, it became fashionable in the Republican Party—in some quarters, anyway—to replace reason with rage, to deny science when it was at odds with ideology and to cheer mindless stunts like shutting down the federal government rather than responsibly managing and relimiting it.

Voters are complicit in this too; many of them have come to confuse cruelty, vulgarity and bluster with strength and straight talk. And Republican lawmakers compounded a problem they had promised to solve, promoting rather than ending corporate welfare and crony capitalism.

There’s another explanation as well—political and intellectual sclerosis, by which I mean the failure to apply enduring principles to changing circumstances. This is something that Reagan did quite well. He developed a policy agenda—on taxes, monetary policy and regulations—that addressed the problems of his era, including high inflation, high interest rates and high unemployment. He understood the hardships facing ordinary Americans. He gave voice to them. And he offered concrete solutions to them. He adjusted to the realities of his time.

Ronald Reagan’s heirs have been decidedly less skilled at doing so.

One reason for this is that Reagan was so successful. The shadow he cast was so large that many of the Republicans who followed him could not escape it. For them, every year was 1981. Every problem could be solved by simplistically applying Reagan’s policy to it, even if the situations were not remotely comparable. (When Reagan took office, the inflation rate was in the double digits. Today it is less than 2%.) Republicans became uncreative and intellectually lazy. They placed themselves in an ideological straitjacket, trying to be more Reagan than Reagan (for example, promising they would not raise any taxes under any conditions for any amount of spending cuts). In the process, they became captive to the past.

As a result, too many Republicans lost touch



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Postcards distributed to Iowa voters by Donald Trump, featuring the presidential candidate and former President

with ordinary Americans. They had almost nothing to say about wage stagnation, the struggles of working-class Americans, the lack of social mobility, soaring tuition and health care costs, and how to extend health insurance to the uninsured. They were unable to explain, let alone address, huge structural changes caused by globalization, advances in technology and automation, which had harsh effects on low-skill workers. Blue collar Americans in particular felt unheard, ignored, abandoned.

Out of all this has emerged an opportunistic populist by the name of Trump.

IT'S STILL TOO EARLY to know what will come of all this. If Trump wins the nomination, he will go some distance toward undoing the influence of Reagan on the modern Republican Party—on policies like trade and immigration, in its commitment to limited government and cultural renewal, and in its concern for justice. Just as significant would be the dramatic change in tone, countenance and ethos. We are in the process of seeing the grace and joie de vivre of Reagan replaced by the crass and cruel insults, the obsessive Twitter attacks and the vindictiveness of Trump. The party of Lincoln and Reagan would be led by a man who embraces, at least in part, the ethics of Nietzsche.

Trump still has a ways to go before securing the nomination. (To date, roughly two-thirds of Republican primary voters are voting against him.)

Yet even if he succeeds, many of us who are children of the Reagan revolution will not go gently into the good night. We will not vote for Trump under any circumstances, even if he is the nominee; what's more, we will do everything in our power to reclaim the Republican Party from this demagogic and authoritarian figure.

This does not mean the mechanical imposition of Reagan-era policies, but it does mean being guided by conservative principles that seek to limit the size and reach of the state, that take into account human nature, defend human dignity and promote human flourishing. It means articulating an enduring vision of a limited government “sustaining the space for society to thrive in an age of social fragmentation and weakening institutions,” in the words of Yuval Levin, whose forthcoming book *The Fractured Republic* grapples with these issues. And just as important, it means recapturing the spirit of Reagan—making our Republican Party a welcoming party once again, inclusive and open, united in its commitment to American ideals, hopeful about the future and attractive to working-class Americans. The kind of party, in other words, that Ronald and Nancy Reagan would be proud of.

Wehner, a senior fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, is a contributing opinion writer for the New York Times and has served in the past three Republican administrations

TRIBUTE

Nancy Reagan

1921–2016

As First Lady, she was stubborn, protective—
and one-half of a love story the likes of which the
modern White House had never seen

BY NANCY GIBBS



*Nancy Reagan at the
family's ranch in Santa
Barbara, Calif., in 1983*

"MY LIFE DIDN'T REALLY BEGIN UNTIL I MET Ronnie," Nancy Reagan wrote in her memoirs, a statement so ingenuously at odds with the mood of her era, not to mention the facts of her life, that it reinforces a larger truth. She was the Wife, the one with the Gaze, so devoted, so protective, that her own life and works, her needs and dreams, could be folded and fit into a tiny beaded handbag and tucked away as she focused every therm of energy on the American epic that was Ronald Reagan.

"Nancy came along," Reagan once said, "and saved my soul." Those who loved him should thank her, for never was a public man so faithfully served by a very private woman who read his needs, enabled his strengths, defused his weaknesses and in the process displayed a love of country that refracted through her love of the man. Skeptical where he was trusting, meticulous where he was dreamy, equally stubborn but much more ruthless, she was able to grow in her role in a way that defied her many critics and showed in twilight a grace and fortitude that cast her earlier course in a gentler light. When she died on March 6 at the age of 94, it marked the end of a life and a love story the likes of which the modern White House had never seen.

With her passing came a recognition of the distance the U.S. has traveled since, politically, socially, culturally. Nancy Reagan was judged the most powerful modern First Lady since Eleanor Roosevelt; now the country is weighing whether to send a First Lady turned Senator turned Secretary of State back to the White House as President. The subtle spirit of strategic compromise that Nancy Reagan promoted has been largely erased from the modern GOP playbook. The party of Reagan looks very much like one that would not consider nominating him were he running today. As tributes poured in and Reagan loyalists flooded the airwaves with memories of the glory days, one got the sense that they were mourning more than a human being; they had lost a way of being—of being political without being poisonous, led by a patriot with a smiling face.

NANCY DAVIS REAGAN was born Anne Frances Robbins in New York City in 1921 to a car salesman and

an actress and spent her early years with little idea of what a normal family felt like. Her father abandoned them when she was a baby, and her mother Edith went back to work with traveling theater companies. She sent Nancy to live with an aunt and uncle in Maryland and for the next few years acted the role of mother from a distance; Nancy would see her when Edith had a role in New York and the little girl got to ride the train up to watch her perform. "How I miss my baby!" Edith wrote at the bottom of every page of her diary.

But that all changed when Nancy was 8: Edith married a prominent neurosurgeon named Loyal

Davis, who would eventually adopt Nancy as his own—though she always called him Dr. Loyal. The family moved to Chicago; suddenly hers was a life of field hockey and summer camp, nice clothes and high expectations. Ever the appreciative audience, she would sit in the operating-room gallery and watch her stepfather perform brain surgery. She saw her mother struggle to be accepted by other fashionable wives, and learned: "Nancy's social perfection is a constant source of amazement," read an entry in her high school yearbook. She majored in English and drama at Smith and worked for a while as a salesclerk at Marshall Field's and a nurse's aide before following her mother's lead. After a role on Broadway in a musical starring Yul Brynner and a TV appearance, Nancy got an MGM screen test and a contract, and was off to Hollywood in 1949.

Nancy Davis wasn't steamy or sultry enough to play the siren, though she did date Clark Gable briefly. ("He had a quality that good courtesans also have," she recalled. "When he was with you, he was really with you.") She was typically cast as the loyal wife, in movies like *The Next Voice You Hear*. Her "childhood ambition," she wrote on her MGM biographical questionnaire in 1949, was "to be an actress." But her "greatest ambition" was "to have a successful, happy marriage." She listed some of her phobias: "superficiality, vulgarity especially in women, untidiness of mind and person, and cigars." That year she met Ronald Reagan, president of the Screen Actors Guild, who was still recovering from his split with actress Jane Wyman; one newspaper account called



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A young Nancy Davis posed for this publicity photograph after getting a contract with MGM

it “a romance of a couple who have no vices,” with Nancy knitting Ronnie argyle socks.

“I don’t know if it was exactly love at first sight,” Nancy said, “but it was pretty close.” The two were married in March 1952 in a secret ceremony at the Little Brown Church in Los Angeles; their daughter Patti was born that October and son Ron in 1958. Nancy would also be stepmother to Ronald’s children from his marriage to Wyman, Michael and Maureen. She retired from movies in 1962 to be a full-time homemaker. “Our family is somewhat unusual,” Ronald once observed. “We are people with very different personalities. I imagine that is why sometimes there is some friction.”

By and large, these would not be easy relationships; one common theory held that the Reagans’ own love affair was so abiding, so intense, that it didn’t leave much space for anyone else. Nancy attributed her husband’s emotional inaccessibility, that shell that was both so smooth and so impenetrable, to his alcoholic father and itinerant childhood, in which constant moves made deep friendships impossible. He had room for only one—and she would be it. “There’s a wall around him,” she said in her memoirs, which she published in 1989 and dedicated to “Ronnie, who always understood. And to my children, who I hope will understand.” It can be a great burden, to be the sole intimate of a solitary man—especially if he ends up being the President. “He lets me come closer than anyone else, but there are times when even I feel that barrier.”

IT TOOK THE JADED NATIVES of Hollywood, Sacramento and Washington some time to get used to a marriage so sentimental. The Reagans would always hold hands; he called her Nancy Pants and Mommy. There would be notes scattered around the White House, especially on special occasions. “Whatever I treasure and enjoy,” Ronald wrote, “this home, our ranch, the sight of the sea—all would be without meaning if I didn’t have you. I live in a permanent Christmas because God gave me you.” Every marriage finds its own balance, Nancy used to say. Ronald was relentlessly upbeat: she did the worrying for both of them. She was obsessive about details where he seemed cavalier; he was all-forgiving, while she

could hold a grudge. But they were equally solicitous and protective of each other. She recalled a dinner with presidential historians, where Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin observed, “We have never had a presidential couple like the two of you, and that alone is an important historical fact. The love and devotion you show each other isn’t seen much around here these days.”

It is hard for anyone married to a public figure to bear the attacks aimed at the person they love. But Nancy Reagan had an even harder challenge. Her husband was so popular that attacks just skidded off his shiny image, but she was a different story:

inscrutable where he seemed transparent, cool and cautious where he was all warmth and tall tales and high hopes. It started from her first days as First Lady of California, after he won the race for governor in 1966. She discovered that the 1877 mansion, which reminded her of a funeral home, was officially a “fire-trap,” as the local authorities put it. She said it was concern for her family’s safety that inspired their move into a fancy suburb; her critics called it snobbery, the hostility only partly allayed in the years that followed by her efforts to help returning Vietnam veterans and promote the Foster Grandparents program. Her smile was “the smile of a woman who seems to be playing out some middle-class American woman’s daydream circa 1948,” Joan Didion wrote in a profile in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1968. When Michael Deaver went to work in the governor’s

office, his portfolio included the “Mommy watch”; Nancy was described to him as implacable, demanding, the “dragon lady.”

WHATEVER SCRUTINY AND SKEPTICISM she endured in California, however, was nothing compared with what was waiting for her in Washington, where she arrived in 1981 to begin what she’d come to describe as “the most difficult years of my life.” Betty Ford had been about candor and camaraderie; Rosalynn Carter was earnest, high protein. The Carters had sold off the presidential yacht, turned down the thermostat, offered Inaugural Ball tickets for \$25. But what to make of Nancy, in the lavish



^
*The Reagans cut
their wedding
cake after being
married on
March 4, 1952*



Galanos Inaugural gown, with all the fancy Hollywood friends? The Reagans' arrival signaled that Washington was about to enter a new age. The trumpeters were back on the balcony to welcome foreign visitors; the chief would be hailed when he entered the room. Johnny Carson joked that the new First Lady's favorite junk food was caviar. When Nancy arrived in Washington, her critics saw her as shallow and vain; by the last year, the caricature was almost the opposite, of the all-powerful manipulator. She recalled Katharine Graham of the *Washington Post* observing that many of the stories were written by younger members of the feminist movement: "They just couldn't identify with you. You represented everything they were rebelling against."

Once again she found herself trying to make a home—this time in the nation's most famous house, but one that had grown shabby and dull, with rooms that hadn't seen new paint in decades. Feeling she was a custodian of a national treasure, Nancy solicited \$822,000 in private donations to redecorate, including fixing the floors and hardware, as part of what would become a \$45 million renovation of the whole White House complex.

Even though the upgrade was long overdue, she paid a price for it—and especially for her decision to replace the White House china, which by that time had had so many pieces broken (or pinched) that at the first state dinner, for Margaret Thatcher, she used pieces chosen by Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson and Truman, since there wasn't enough of any one pattern to go around. It was her misfortune that at the

same time word broke that the Agriculture Department would count ketchup as a vegetable in school lunches came the news of \$200,000 spent on more than 4,000 pieces of new china, thanks to the help of the private Knapp Foundation. She was accused of violating the new Ethics in Government Act by accepting free clothes from designers, or borrowing them but not reporting it. Soon "Queen Nancy" was once more the easy target compared with her amiable husband, at a time when the country was feeling squeezed by recession. By the end of 1981 she had a higher disapproval rating than any First Lady of modern times.

"**THE FIRST YEAR** was a terrible year," Nancy said, made worse by the loss of her stepfather, a cancer scare and, most crushing, the assassination attempt that left four men shot, with the President and spokesman James Brady badly wounded. Years later, she said, she still woke up at night remembering the scene at the hospital: the blood and bandages and tubes, a blue pinstripe suit shredded, a husband pale and gray and closer to dead than anyone knew at the time.

Nancy had always been highly protective, but after the shooting, her monitoring of Ronald's activities had a more desperate urgency, to the point, famously, of her consulting an astrologer Merv Griffin had introduced her to about when it was too dangerous for Ronald to make public appearances. "I cringe every time we step out of a car or leave a building," she told the astrologer, Joan Quigley, and she began

THE
REAGANS
WOULD
ALWAYS
HOLD
HANDS; HE
CALLED
HER NANCY
PANTS AND
MOMMY



^
*From left:
 Campaigning
 in New
 Hampshire
 in February
 1980; dining
 on TV trays
 at the White
 House in
 November
 1981;
 returning to
 the White
 House in
 September
 1982*

reviewing the President's schedule, a small balm for the general sense of helplessness she felt when it came to his safety.

Aware of his metabolism and what he needed in order to perform at his best, she made sure he got eight hours of sleep at night and had breaks during the day. During the 1984 campaign, after a bad first debate against Walter Mondale, Nancy warned that her husband's advisers had crammed his head with too many facts and figures and that they needed to back off.

She also protected him from threats closer at hand, particularly the aides who she suspected were more focused on their own agendas than his presidency. Years later, in his book about her, Deaver said that if the President had a single great failing, it was that he had no sixth sense about people or ability to see their darker side; a reluctance to discipline extended even to his children. "Nancy had to fill that role as well," Deaver argued. "Even with her own family, she had to play the heavy, while Reagan remained the guy in the white hat."

Ronald Reagan's political gift involved being able to see the big picture and sell it. Nancy's expertise was more intimate, analytic, with a shrewd sense of how an organism like the White House staff worked. "I think I'm aware of people who are trying to take advantage of my husband—who are trying to end-run him lots of times—who are trying to use him. I'm very aware of that," she told reporter Chris Wallace in 1985. More aware, she added, than Ronald himself. "I try to stop them."

He was, she said, "a soft touch," especially when it came to cleaning house. "I think it's the eternal optimist in him," Nancy said, "his attitude that if you let something go, it will eventually work itself out. Well, that isn't always so." She was viewed as the power behind the scenes in the placement and replacement of various top advisers and Cabinet officers, often joining forces with the house pragmatists, James Baker and Deaver. Her role in the ouster of chief of staff Don Regan inspired New York *Times* columnist William Safire to liken her to Edith Wilson, who took on stewardship of the Executive Branch after her husband Woodrow's stroke. "Increasingly, she took on the tough jobs that Reagan couldn't or wouldn't handle," Deaver said. "Particularly staff decisions that were sure to make enemies."

And Nancy would always earn the ire of hard-liners who saw her as a strong voice in pressing Ronald to reach out to Mikhail Gorbachev and push for disarmament treaties. "I knew that 'warmonger' was never a fair description of Ronnie's position, but I also felt that his calling the Soviet Union an evil empire was not particularly helpful," she revealed in her memoir. "The world had become too small for the two superpowers not to be on speaking terms." Even as Ronald was celebrating a triumphant signing of the INF treaty, which eliminated intermediate-range nuclear and conventional ballistic missiles, Nancy was coping with the death of her mother and a diagnosis of breast cancer. Somehow even her decision to have a mastectomy rather than a lumpectomy brought her under fire.

AS TIME PASSED, though, economic conditions improved and a concerted effort to adjust her image bore fruit. Nancy came to rank among the country's most admired women. Her most famous moment as First Lady—the Just Say No campaign against drug use, at a time when abuse was running out of control—came almost by accident. “I was in California and I was talking to, I think, fifth-graders, and one little girl raised her hand and said, ‘Mrs. Reagan, what do you do if somebody offers you drugs?’” She recalled. “And I said, ‘Well, you just say no.’ And there it was born. I think people thought that we had an advertising agency over who dreamed that up—not true.” Some dismissed her effort as window dressing; residents of Lake View Terrace, north of Los Angeles, blocked efforts to build an advanced-treatment center that would have been named for her. But in the face of criticism, Nancy would log more than a quarter-million miles in the U.S. and abroad to discuss prevention and to visit rehab centers. She hosted a 1985 White House conference on drug abuse, featuring wives of world leaders, and three years later became the first First Lady to address the U.N. General Assembly, speaking on drug-trafficking laws. Many aspects of the war on drugs may have been ill conceived or entangled in politics, but the effort to change attitudes among kids was one that showed results. A study in 1988 found that only 42% of high school seniors reported using illegal drugs in the previous year, down from 52% when the President took office.

But even those triumphs would not come unalloyed. During the White House years, the Reagans were especially estranged from Patti, whose 1992 autobiography, *The Way I See It*, revealed, among other things, that she'd had herself sterilized at age 24 (an operation that was later reversed) because she feared becoming an emotionally abusive mother like her own. She charged that Nancy's commitment to fighting drug abuse was born of the First Lady's own struggle with prescription tranquilizers and sleeping pills. “I agonized over revealing this,” Davis told the *Los Angeles Times* when the book came out. “What I kept coming back to was that my mother has gotten an indictment of hypocrisy in her choice of the antidrug issue. ‘What does she know about it?’ and ‘It's a PR stunt.’ I never saw it as hypocritical. I

saw it as both an act of denial and a cry for help.”

In 1994, when Ronald Reagan revealed in a letter to the American people that he had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, he observed that “I only wish there was some way I could spare Nancy from this painful experience.” Thus began what Nancy would come to call the “long goodbye,” a decade spent tending to the husband who in time could not recognize her anymore. Anyone who imagined that her post-White House life would be one of glamour and travel and parties saw instead a kind of cocooning as she stayed close to home, seldom entertaining, excusing herself even from luncheons to call and check on him.

EVEN NANCY'S CRITICS came to admire the grace and the steadfastness with which she cared for her husband in twilight; onetime political adversaries, meanwhile, were surprised to find themselves with a new and potent ally. Having seen and suffered firsthand the effects of a ravaging disease, Nancy became a powerful voice for embryonic-stem-cell research. She rejected the view of abortion opponents: “I just don't think they understand that it's not taking a life,” she told Katie Couric. “It's trying to save countless lives.” When Congress debated federal research funding, she was on the phone with lawmakers, especially self-described Reagan Republicans, trying to peel votes away from the Bush White House. A congressional colleague of David Dreier's said the California Republican, who had known the Reagans since college, was undecided until he received a call from Nancy. In May 2004, a month before her

husband died, Nancy appeared at a fundraiser for stem-cell research. “Ronnie's long journey has finally taken him to a distant place where I can no longer reach him,” she said. “Because of this, I'm determined to do whatever I can to save other families from this pain.” A month later, she was the tiny, pale figure bent over the dark casket as America mourned one of its giant Presidents. She had worked over every detail of the 300-page blueprint for the commemorations.

Sometimes, she told ABC's Diane Sawyer a year later, she still talked to him, wandering around a house filled with pictures of him. “He's very much with me,” Nancy said. “Everything still is all about him.” □



▲
*Nancy says
goodbye at
President
Reagan's
interment
ceremony in Simi
Valley, Calif., on
June 11, 2004*



During the 1980 presidential campaign, comfortable intimacy was a trademark of both the Reagans and a gentler politics

How I Remember Mother

BY PATTI DAVIS

IN 1971, WHEN I WAS IN MY FIRST YEAR OF COLLEGE at Northwestern University in Chicago, my mother told me she was going to be in New York for a few days. She was staying at the Waldorf Astoria, and I asked if I could come see her. Not only had I never been to New York before, I had never asked my mother if I could travel across miles to spend time with her. Our war-torn history went back a long way. My surliness had clashed with her impatience for so long; we were like America and Russia in the depths of the Cold War.

But I needed her right then—I needed her to be a mother. My mother. I needed her to listen to me, not judge me, to understand that I was in pain. I don't know why I was so certain she would do all those things, but I was.

Sitting with her high above the streets of Manhattan on a winter day, I told her I had been having an affair for nearly two years with my high school English teacher. He left my boarding school the same year I did, started teaching at a Midwestern college, and the idea was that we would be close enough geographically that we could still see each other. I had waited for his call all night in my Northwestern dorm room, when he said he would be arriving by train. He never showed up, never called; he stood me up and made a fool of me as he had many times before. On that long night I finally grew up enough to say it was over. I had wasted time on a fantasy that never had any possibility of materializing.

I can see my mother now as if it just happened days ago, not decades. Gray light spilled through the hotel window. She was wearing a chocolate brown sweater and a wool skirt. She was color-coordinated with the furniture. Her diamond wedding ring looked muted in that light. Her face, as I talked, was soft and tinged with tenderness. I realized she already knew.

"I've known for a long time," she said finally.

My parents had come to my Arizona high school and had met my English teacher. She'd intuitively figured it out and had kept silent about it for two years.

"I don't want your father to know," she told me. "It would really upset him."

So for all that time, she'd kept her suspicions to herself, even from my father. She didn't want to upset him, but she also knew that she had to let me go through the pain and the drama. If she had

interfered, it would have made things worse.

There were other times over the years when we stepped outside our troubled history into a smooth pool of light and bonded as mother and daughter. But that day in New York—when I felt ashamed and worn down in ways that a 19-year-old shouldn't, when I ran to my mother for comfort and she provided it—is a memory that towers above all the others. Because I know that the mother she was on that day was who she really longed to be... but so many things had gotten in the way.

AT SOME POINT, to understand our parents, we have to look at theirs. In 1924, a 3-year-old girl named Anne Frances Robbins, who had been nicknamed Nancy, was taken to her cousin's home by her mother and left there for five years. Her mother Edith Davis was a working actress who had gotten divorced shortly after her child was born. She tried taking the baby on the road, putting her backstage in a trunk that served as a cradle while she was onstage. But it became too hard, so she left the child with her older sister's family in Bethesda, Md., and she would visit occasionally. On one of those visits, after years had passed, she told her daughter that she'd gone on an ocean cruise and had met a doctor whom she planned to marry. Nancy was uprooted again and taken to Chicago. She now had a new father and a stepbrother. The definition of family was an ever changing palette.

Over time, my mother decided to repaint her own history with pale sweet colors. According to her, she understood perfectly, at the age of 3, why her mother left her—"She had to work," she would say, with a trace of defiance. Also, in her memory, she had instantly accepted the idea of a new "father" whom she hadn't yet met. I never believed her version, but it took me many years to understand how vital the revision was to her.

There was a moment when a window opened and I saw past the battles that had raged between us, as well as the guilt I'd hung on to all my life. I was the baby inside her when she married the man of her dreams in a tiny chapel, wearing a gray suit, with only two witnesses present. I'd always felt it was my fault that she didn't have a white wedding.

The moment when all of it looked different to me happened in a hospital room. My mother was well into her 80s and had fallen and hit her head. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, listening to the doctor. The back of her hospital gown had opened, and



Davis and her parents in 1957

WHEN I RAN
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I reached over to retie the strings. She looked tiny and frail and vulnerable. Her back was soft and bent, and she was confused about how she had fallen. It was as if time parted for me and I got a glimpse of her as that small child, watching her mother leave and having no idea when she would be back. I felt how frightened and hurt she must have been, 3 years old and left with relatives. I understood then why she had dedicated so much of her life to reconfiguring the story. Imagination is a survival tool, and it's a good one.

The man whom she would eventually call her father, Loyal Davis, was a harsh taskmaster. He was a neurosurgeon and a rigid perfectionist. I was frightened of my grandfather until the day he died. Everything had to be orderly, precise and punctual. Growing up, my mother desperately wanted to please him. She probably thought he might leave if she didn't.

In fact, I now think the fear of being left alone, abandoned, was a current throughout much of her life. A few years into my father's descent into Alzheimer's, when I was still living in New York, my mother's voice on the phone sounded so threadbare and distraught that I suggested she go out into the garden, sit by herself and talk to God ... or the moon, the stars, the night sky. "Just be with yourself for a little while," I told her.

"No. I can't do that. I don't want to do that," she said abruptly, closing the door on the subject.

I understand now the absurdity of my suggestion. It's what I would do in a period of distress, and it's what my father would have done. But for my mother, sitting all by herself outside under the stars was a horrifying thought. Ghosts rise up from the earth when you're alone. Stories and memories rearrange themselves and fall into the shape of truth. Some of us need that; others will do anything to avoid it.

^
*Davis with
her mother
in Bel Air,
Calif., in
2006*

A while after my father died, she told me that she kept the television on all the time because it made her feel less lonely. "It makes the house seem more lived in," she said. I had, on several occasions, given in to my annoyance and either turned the volume down or turned it off. I had to practically yell to be heard over whatever program she had on—usually a news station—and sometimes I couldn't stand it. But after she told me that it filled in some of the loneliness, I never reached for the remote again.

When she fell and hit her head and the housekeeper found her in the morning, the television was blaring in her bedroom. I wondered if she had fallen asleep with it on, if her nights were made easier by its background noise. The thought of her dreading the empty darkness so much that she would leave the TV on made my heart hurt. More and more, I hung on to moments like that when thinking about my mother.

WE HAVE HAD a long journey together, she and I. Over a half-century of memories. Now that the journey has ended, I have a choice which ones to study, which ones to turn over in my hands and dust off. I choose to look at the ones that ache with a sweet truth not told often enough: there was love between us, it was just hard to find sometimes.

I choose to remember her face on that winter day in Manhattan, when I came to her with a broken heart. I choose to remember walking on the shore with her in summers when we rented a beach house; somehow the sea always transformed us. And how she looked on my wedding day when she handed me a bracelet that had belonged to my grandmother. "Something old," she said. I wondered that day if there was some sadness in that moment because she had never gotten the wedding I know she dreamed of as a girl.

I remember how she and my father used to walk along the paths of the garden in the afternoons—both of them older, their steps slow and cautious, his occasional questions splintery with Alzheimer's, her answers patient and soft. She stopped walking in the garden after his death; I didn't need to ask why. I remember her weeping on my shoulder a week before he died and saying, "Nothing will ever be the same without him." And the way she broke down when we had to leave his coffin after flying with it back and forth across the country, through several days of services. "I can't leave him," she wept.

I remember how her eyes drifted toward the sky when she spoke about wanting to be with my father again when she died. "I'm sure God is listening to you," I would always tell her.

"Well, he certainly better be," she said once.

I'm sure God can take care of himself, but I hope for his sake that he was listening.

Davis' latest novel is The Earth Breaks in Colors

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Time Off

'BALDING, ELFIN AND QUICK-WITTED ... WITH THE SANTA SHAPE YOU MIGHT EXPECT FROM AN ADVENTUROUS EATER.' —PAGE 60



In Pee-wee's Big Holiday, Reubens' bow-tied alter ego has neither aged nor grown conventional

TELEVISION

The return of perennial man-child Pee-wee Herman

By Eliza Berman

ON ITS SURFACE, THE NEW NETFLIX movie featuring vintage-geek icon Pee-wee Herman, *Pee-wee's Big Holiday*, is not unlike *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, the cult classic that Paul Reubens starred in and co-wrote in 1985. Like its forebear, it features, in Reubens' words, "almost no plot," and its playful protagonist looks much as he did then, save for an extra lick of makeup. Viewers seeking differences will do better to search not on the screen but in the glow it casts on their own faces: the fans who embraced *Big Adventure* have grown up, and many will take their children along on this wacky holiday when it debuts on March 18.

The new film, produced by Judd Apatow and directed by John Lee, finds Pee-wee entranced by a mysterious stranger, the scene-

stealing Joe Manganiello, who encourages the bow-tied sprite to take his first vacation. His encounters along the way inspire a new awakening for Pee-wee, who, when asked early on whether he's ever wondered what life is like outside his hometown, answers with a resounding "Nope!"

Pee-wee's charms are still linked to his full-throated giggle and beatific grin, the way he reacts to pinwheels and magic tricks with the delight of a toddler inhabiting the body of a man. Reubens, now 63, has never assigned an age to his alter ego, and if some viewers are too befuddled by this—is he a mannish child or a childish man?—to make sense of him, Reubens understands. "Pee-wee sticks out," he says. "I don't make any comments on [whether he] sticks out in a good



Pee-wee meets a new slate of characters, including Linda Porter as Mrs. Rose

way, bad way, is a freak, isn't a freak. I'm just saying that you notice if Pee-wee Herman walks into a room."

But for many, when Pee-wee walks into a room, something magical happens, beyond the whirring, pancake-griddling stunts of his Rube Goldberg machines. Paul Rust, who co-wrote *Big Holiday* with Reubens, explains the enchantment that had him obsessed as a child. "My favorite quality of Pee-wee is that he's not a weirdo in his world—he's accepted by everybody as normal," Rust says. "For anybody growing up feeling out of place, it's this utopia fantasy world where everybody's weird, everybody gets along. That's a bigger fantasy to me than *Lord of the Rings*."

In that setting, it's perfectly conceivable that hunky Manganiello—whose Brandoesque attitude and jukebox dexterity Pee-wee describes as "cool, double cool, triple cool!"—could waltz off the set of *Magic Mike XXL* and become best friends with a white-loafered nerd whom, were this a teenage sitcom, he might slam into a locker.

Reubens dreamed up Pee-wee in 1977 when he was performing with the Los Angeles-based improv troupe the Groundlings. A 1981 HBO special brought Pee-wee to a wider audience, leading to *Big Adventure* and a second film, *Big Top Pee-wee*, as well as a weekly television show, *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, which aired from 1986 to 1990. The character went dormant in the 1990s

after Reubens' 1991 arrest for exposing himself in an adult theater, but Reubens gradually began to make appearances as Pee-wee in the early aughts and in 2010 staged a theatrical show. Still, the hiatuses always outlasted stints in the public eye, so it would be fair to call *Pee-wee's Big Holiday* something like a comeback.

But how do you best revive an icon? By leaving him be. Reubens may be some 40 years older than when he created Pee-wee, but the character isn't. If anything has evolved, it's Reubens' writing, which has benefited from the wisdom earned with age and loosened with his desire to expand the character's horizons. "My rules for Pee-wee Herman evolved because I wanted to do more, and I realized that whatever was confining [me] was my own rules about it." If the tenor of Pee-wee's jokes sounds familiar, Reubens says, it's because his humor "isn't that contemporary. It has a corny, sweet edge that isn't really hip, so I just take my chances."

Pee-wee isn't contemporary, nor is he timeless—not in the conventional sense. He's a product of the '70s who came of age in the '80s thanks to a sprinkling of references to '50s children's television. With that context all but absent from the minds of today's viewers, it's up to us to conform—or stand out, as the case may be. It's Pee-wee's world. We're just the weirdos along for the holiday. □

REVIEW

Daredevil bedeviled by darkness

SUPERHEROES MAY RULE movie screens, but they've done a pretty good job of colonizing television too. Netflix has made the biggest bet on the comic-book genre. *Jessica Jones* and *Daredevil*—about a blind lawyer, played by Charlie Cox, who uses super senses to fight crime by night—are part of a strategy to combine four different Marvel characters into a team-up series, *The Defenders*, somewhere down the line.

Resolution can't come soon enough. The second season of *Daredevil*, available in full on March 18, compounds the failures of the first. Last year, *Daredevil* burst onto the scene as a shockingly violent series, but all its gore was in service of a lackluster story; the nihilism was the point. The Season 2 introduction of the Punisher (Jon Bernthal), a brutal vigilante inspired by *Daredevil*, could have had real charge if it didn't just feel like a trailer for Bernthal's own stand-alone series. Eventually, something's going to have to justify *Daredevil's* tonal excesses. Until

then, we're left fumbling in the dark. —DANIEL D'ADDARIO



Cox as the blind, violent superhero



Plimpton, left, leads a chaotic clan

REVIEW

Family secrets abound in ABC's *Real O'Neals*

COMING OUT IS NEVER EASY. BUT IT'S HARDER yet when your family is predisposed to obsessive secrecy. This is what young Kenny (Noah Galvin) faces on ABC's *The Real O'Neals*. While he's scared to admit he's gay, he doesn't yet know that his parents are planning to violate their Catholic faith by divorcing, or that his older brother and younger sister are, respectively, an anorexic and a kleptomaniac.

That's a lot for one show to cover. But *The Real O'Neals* has a very capable star: Martha Plimpton, playing Kenny's mother, is just trying to keep up her family's ordinary appearance in the eyes of onlookers, who seem to see only that the O'Neals are messy, in an ordinary way. The quiet rage behind Plimpton's quest for normalcy—"You still have that?" she asks Kenny with hope, a day after he's announced he's gay—makes the series something really special.

ABC has lately shown a touch for socially conscious comedy; *black-ish* recently aired one of the best sitcom episodes in memory, staging a family debate over police brutality even while, at first, the kids fought over takeout menus. *The Real O'Neals*, though less polished, does something similar, pitting evolving norms against a family unit fundamentally resistant to change. All the better—without such rigid traditions, where would we find anything to joke about? —D.D.

THE REAL O'NEALS airs Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m. E.T. on ABC

QUICK TALK

Eugene Levy

The actor discusses the second season of Schitt's Creek, a comedy about a wealthy family that loses it all. Levy co-created the series with—and stars alongside—his son Daniel. His daughter Sarah is also in the cast, and his brother Fred is a producer.

How did you react when your kids told you they wanted to go into show business? When my wife Deb got pregnant, we thought, Do we want to stay in Los Angeles and raise our kids in the show-business environment or go back to Canada where it's sane and civilized? We went back to Toronto. And the big irony: they all went into show business. The tough thing for a parent is to look at them and say, "Do they have what it takes?" They did.

Your character is more of a straight man. Is that less fun to play than being wacky? No! It's actually more fun. I looked at all the great shows from *Seinfeld* to *Mary Tyler Moore*, Jack Benny in the '50s. You surround yourself with funny people and get to be very reactive, which is what I love doing. I looked forward to that direction for a character instead of putting on the funny glasses.

Toronto has produced many wonderful comedians. Is there something about Canadian winters that breeds a good sense of humor? I wish I could put my finger on it. There was a comedy explosion in the early '70s: Marty Short, John Candy, Dan Aykroyd, Catherine O'Hara. In Toronto, you feel like you're just going to work and coming home and having dinner. You don't feel like you're a part of a major scene.

How did *American Pie* change your career? It was a major turning point. When I read the script, I thought it was a little raunchy. The role was not written the way it turned out, so we improvised everything, and then everything started opening up. It was a huge hit and turned my life around, no question about that.

—E.B.

ON MY RADAR

THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

'Even for a Canadian, I find it great entertainment. Scary, no question. But boy, it's all very show business now, everything about it.'



MOVIES

One writer's quest to Eat, Play, Love

TO EAT YOUR WAY THROUGH a city is to find its heart. No one would know that better than Los Angeles *Times* food critic Jonathan Gold, the subject of Laura Gabbert's agile and perceptive documentary *City of Gold*. As passionate about his hometown of Los Angeles as he is about tracking down the most sublime taco, Gold has built a career by fanning out into the city's marvelously varied ethnic neighborhoods to find the out-of-the-way gems that most traditional restaurant critics would ignore. A good review from Gold can turn the tiniest food truck into a gastronomic hot spot. The lives of the people who run these modest establishments—some of them fairly recent immigrants—can be changed in a snap. The lives of people who really love to eat are enriched beyond measure. Everybody wins.

But what if you live nowhere near Los Angeles? What can a rave from Gold mean to a famished Chicagoan or a New Yorker with a growling stomach? Beyond his curiosity and good humor, Gold is a sensational writer, able to parse the elusive intricacies of a superspicy Korean soup or a bold, velvety Ethiopian stew in a way that makes you forget you don't actually have a spoon or a triangle of bread in your hand. (In 2007, while working at the *L.A. Weekly*, Gold won a Pulitzer Prize, the first to be awarded to a food critic.) Gold also sees far beyond the plate in front of him. "Cooking is what makes us human," he observes in *City of Gold*.



Los Angeles food critic Gold revels in his city's diversity

Or as University of California, Berkeley, professor Michael Dear puts it, Gold is a "critic of urban living," supremely attuned to the diversity of Los Angeles. "His culinary mapping becomes a cartography of the region."

Writers, people who spend a great deal of time tapping away at a bunch of lettered keys, don't always make the most galvanizing documentary subjects. But Gabbert does a near miracu-

lous job of showing us the day-to-day texture of Gold's work life, allowing us to sit in on meetings with his editors (who occasionally betray exasperation with the happy-go-lucky loops and curlicues he adds to his sentences before getting to the point) and revealing why he doesn't take notes at the table (he says he's "more involved in serving the music of the meal"). Balding, elfin and quick-witted in a kindly way—with the Santa shape you might expect from an adventurous eater who will try just about anything—Gold shows us that the real work of a writer happens far from the keyboard: mostly it involves being alive to the world around us. But there's no reason to set out on an empty stomach.

—STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

'Los Angeles is less a melting pot than a great, glittering mosaic.'

JONATHAN GOLD, Pulitzer Prize-winning food critic, on his beloved hometown

TIME PICKS

MOVIES

In *Krishna* (March 18), the arresting debut of filmmaker Trey Edward Shults, a family Thanksgiving is upended by the return of the title character, whose struggle with addiction has led to deep-seated tensions.



^ MUSIC

On March 18, pop-rockers **Gwen Stefani** gets personal on her first solo album in a decade, *This Is What the Truth Feels Like*, with songs about reeling from divorce and finding love again.

BOOKS

In *Take a Stand: Thirty Years of Lessons From Rebels* (March 15), Emmy-winning journalist Jorge Ramos reflects on interviews with influential thinkers.

v TELEVISION

The fourth season of *The Americans* (March 16) finds Keri Russell and Matthew Rhys' Soviet spies evading capture as they manage their adolescent kids.





Goodman, Winstead and Gallagher dining in the gran cave

MOVIES

Nonsequel 10 Cloverfield Lane builds buzz with a thrilling score

THE ANGRY-SEA-BEAST EXTRAVAGANZA *Cloverfield*—directed in 2008 by Matt Reeves and produced by cerebral sci-fi impresario J.J. Abrams—pretended to examine how self-absorbed we are as a culture, only to be gobbled up by its own self-absorption. *10 Cloverfield Lane*—directed by newcomer Dan Trachtenberg, with *Whiplash* hot-shot Damien Chazelle among its writers—is not an outright *Cloverfield* sequel but rather, as Abrams has put it, a “spiritual successor.” It’s also a better movie, one with a sense of humor about itself and its genre. The eminently likable Mary Elizabeth Winstead plays Michelle, a peppery young woman who finds herself trapped, along with amiable odd-jobs guy Emmett (John Gallagher Jr.), in the underground bunker of survivalist conspiracy kook Howard (John Goodman). Howard claims he’s actually keeping Michelle safe: the Russians—or maybe it’s

Martians—have just dropped the big one, rendering Earth’s surface uninhabitable for a year or two. Michelle and Emmett, knowing they’re dealing with a nutter, plot their escape.

A few moments of grisly grimness aside, *10 Cloverfield Lane* is hardly the dour, self-important exercise that *Cloverfield* was. Whiskery, country-sinister Howard has outfitted his lair with a family room that includes a jukebox (Frankie Avalon’s antiseptic goddess-worship anthem “Venus” tootles forth ominously), a stack of jigsaw puzzles and an “heirloom” kitchen table adorned with a cheerful pot of fake sunflowers—the joint is less man cave than gran cave.

Having picked up on Michelle’s hard-to-miss desperation to flee, Howard intones cryptically, “I think it’s time you met Frank and Mildred.” And so she does. But the movie’s finest feature may be Bear McCreary’s playfully foreboding score, a beehive of neurotic, buzzing strings that channels the spirit of Hitchcock fave Bernard Herrmann. Wherever the music leads, you want to follow—even if there’s only Frank and Mildred waiting for you on the other side. —S.Z.

BOOKS

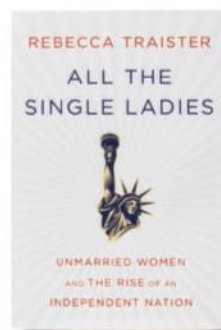
First comes love, then comes ... whatever you want

SUSAN B. ANTHONY MADE A PREDICTION in 1877: one day women would be liberated enough not to marry, ushering in “an epoch of single women.” That epoch, according to Rebecca Traister’s *All the Single Ladies*, is now. There are more unmarried than wedded American women, and they are a stealth political and cultural force.

Single Ladies is less concerned with what it feels like to be a single woman—like the empowerment of installing one’s own AC—than with how we got here and what it means. Women no longer need partners, but married people still enjoy health, tax and other benefits unavailable to individuals. Traister’s point: the old model isn’t coming back, and the new one needs to be attended by serious policy changes.

The elephant in the chapel is that single women don’t necessarily stay single. Their

numbers have grown largely because of marrying later, not ditching the institution. In fact, the option to wait, or totally opt out, may make marriage look better than ever. Traister (a married woman) doesn’t let that ruin her argument. Even if their singledom



is transient, unmarried women “are taking up space in a world that was not built for them”—and they’re ready to rebuild it.

Society has always shaped itself by responding to circumstances. Proof: Stephanie Coontz’s insightful *The Way We Never Were* (1992), reissued with new material. The 1950s family we so often idealize was, Coontz explains, an invention of the post-World War II economy. It was also “the most atypical family system in American history.” Today delaying marriage is likewise what Coontz would call a “rational response” to our situation. As sex and love become uncoupled from marriage, that response becomes only more rational.

—LILY ROTHMAN

Inside the kit

Standard dinners from Plated cost \$12 per meal. Here are the ingredients you get for Pork Tacos al Pastor With Pineapple Salsa



ONIONS
They come whole and require slicing

PORK CUTLETS
All meat is antibiotic-free

WHITE VINEGAR
No need to measure

CORN TORTILLAS
Premade, thank goodness

How I taught myself to cook—with a kit

By Bryan Walsh

THERE WERE MANY REASONS WHY I, like a third of Americans, was a non-cooker for so long. I didn't see the point in spending time in the kitchen when I could be exercising, or going out, or staying in and watching shows about cooking on TV. There were also those two years when I didn't realize my landlord hadn't hooked up the gas to my stove. But the real reason I didn't cook was that I was scared. The process of turning raw ingredients into finished food—all that measuring and chopping and sautéing, whatever that meant—seemed bewilderingly complex. So many steps, so many opportunities to burn down the apartment. It was much easier to order up pad thai—or better yet, find someone else to do the cooking.

I hit the jackpot there. My wife is a wonderful cook. She truly loves food, cares about where it comes from and relishes the art of preparing it. But I've read enough magazines to know that a successful modern marriage is built on the romantic foundation of shared work. And just doing the laundry won't cut it—especially after you've shrunk a fourth silk dress in the dryer.

So it is to be cooking. Fortunately, the market is now saturated with options for people who are busy, lack

skills and fear marital dissolution. They're called dinner kits, and they provide everything you need to cook, other than a sous-chef to berate. The industry is exploding. According to the consultancy Technomic, the global meal-kit market topped \$1 billion in 2015 and is projected to hit \$10 billion by 2020. Companies like Plated, Hello Fresh and Blue Apron measure, box and ship out every ingredient, down to the banana leaf for the Caribbean Banana-Leaf-Steamed Fish With Pineapple-Ginger Salsa. The ingredients tend to be sustainable, hormone- and antibiotic-free and all those other things I care about almost as much as I'm supposed to. All you need to do is place an order online, have access to a kitchen and, early on at least, have a patient and understanding person to try your food.

That's because while the meal kit dumbs down the process, with its step-by-step instructions and giant pictures demonstrating those steps, you still need to actually make the dinner. Vegetables must be chopped, tomato sauce must be simmered, and chicken must be cooked to at least 165°F to avoid salmonella. (That last bit is particularly important.)

I didn't nail every recipe from the start. When I was done with the beef in the Beef Gyritos on Mini Pitas With Tzatziki—the third meal kit I tried—it had a texture best described as shoe-leathery. And this isn't the cheapest way to make dinner. Expect to pay \$8 to \$12 per person per meal.

But here's the thing about cooking: if you do it long enough and you retain all your fingers, you will get better. Over the past year, I've cooked 144 different meals using 787 unique ingredients. I've learned how to poach, roast, stir-fry and sear. I've made Mexican food and Greek food and however you'd classify Spicy Beet and Spinach Stir-Fry Over Sesame Rice. My wife tells me my Thai Pork Larb Lettuce Wraps are to die for, and I'm 90% sure she's not just saying that.

This may be Fisher-Price cooking, but at a time when Americans are spending ever less time in the kitchen and paying for it with their health, easy is good. Making all those meals gave me the confidence to try cooking without training wheels. That's how I found myself the other week whipping up from scratch some *cacio e pepe*—a pasta dish we'd fallen in love with on a recent trip to Rome. Did it turn out perfect? Not exactly. But it was mine. □

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Johan



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Kobe Bryant **autographed sneakers** for two young fans after they guessed the name of his dog. (It's Crucio, a reference to a *Harry Potter* curse.)



Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau **visited a pair of baby pandas** at the Toronto Zoo.

Design firm Kikkerland is selling a **night-light in the shape of a slice of pizza** on a paper plate.

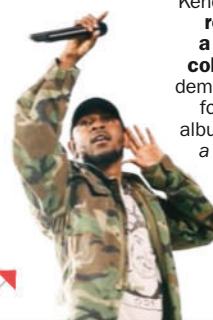


The Disney Channel **announced a fourth installment** of its popular *High School Musical* franchise.

Spotify made a **"birthing playlist"** of songs to help women in labor. Among them: Pearl Jam's "Just Breathe" and "Under Pressure" by Queen and David Bowie.



A family found a crumpled bag full of Ty Cobb baseball cards in a deceased relative's home; **they're valued at more than \$1 million.**



Kendrick Lamar **released a surprise collection** of demos recorded for his last album, *To Pimp a Butterfly*.

LOVE IT
LEAVE IT

TIME'S WEEKLY TAKE ON

WHAT POPPED IN CULTURE

Christian Bale said he **"didn't quite nail"** his role as Batman in Christopher Nolan's trilogy.



An eatery in Manchester, England, unveiled a **"pizza" topped with Cadbury Creme Eggs**, marshmallows, brownies and meringue. Its name: I Am the ResurrEGGtion.



Donald Trump **referenced the size of his genitals** during the March 3 GOP debate.

'I guarantee you there's no problem. I guarantee it.'



Prominent crossword-puzzle editor Timothy Parker—who has worked for *USA Today*—was benched over **allegations that he had plagiarized clues.**



A trio of art students invented a **MacBook selfie stick.**



A woman was arrested outside Buffalo, N.Y., for driving with a **painted cardboard version** of a New York State license plate.

Starbucks had **to recall** one of its breakfast sandwiches over listeria concerns.



THE
DETAILS
MAKE THE
STORY



The sport that
kept her active



The razor that took her hair



The show that made her a star



The letters that gave her hope



The bandana that covered her head



The family that stood by her side



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People



ESSAY

Me and my fitness tracker: How can this brutally honest marriage last?

By **Susanna Schrowsdorff**

LET'S FACE IT: THERE AREN'T MANY RELATIONSHIPS THAT need full and constant honesty to function. In fact, it's kind of the opposite. Keeping certain opinions or online purchases to ourselves is an essential kindness in marriage. I even know people who curate what they tell their therapist for fear of not being a likable enough client. "I need someone in my life who likes me just for the me I want to see myself as," they say.

And of course we know that our social-media feeds are really just an endless personal infomercial. Studies show we also lie to our doctors about what we eat and drink and smoke. And they hedge right back. They don't like to tell you you're 15 lb. overweight any more than your best friend would. Instead it's all: "I'd like to see your BMI down a few points," the same way they'd say, "I'd like to see Starbucks bring back the small-size cups. That'd be good."

But I've at last entered into an utterly truthful relationship. It began last summer when I got one of the new wearable fitness trackers. These things don't just count your steps anymore. Now they know everything about you, so there's no point in lying to them. The new Fitbit wristband monitors my heart rate, and it knows not only how many hours I sleep but also how many times and exactly when I was "restless" in the night (6x) and that I was totally awake from 1:06 a.m. until 1:21 a.m. last night. It's more interested in me than I am.

In return, I've told Fitbit how much I really weigh, a secret that I've never revealed to anyone while sober. Not even my ex-husband knew, and more dangerously, not even the people who set up bungee jumps and parasailing rigs. (I'm somewhat sure that the bungee guy just took one look at me and guessed that I did not weigh 123 lb., but never mind.)

ONCE I OPENED UP to Fitbit about my weight, it set up a daily calorie allotment for me. All I have to do is tell it everything I eat. And it tells me when I've gone over. A little bar graph goes red on my phone. It's indisputable. It's instant. It's the brutal truth. On the other hand, when I do well and have many "active minutes" per day, Fitbit is incredibly supportive. It blinks. It sends sweet, celebratory emojis to my phone and email. And it remembers all our anniversaries, like how six months ago I could manage only 11 active minutes a day.

At first I considered just not telling Fitbit about the curry puffs they were handing out at office parties. But deceiving Fitbit would be like writing a fake diary, which people do, but only when they want to publish it later. And besides, no one will ever see my Fitbit log if I can help it. I'm on the hunt for some sort of third-party Fitbit app that erases all my data if I die.

I realize that the people who run Fitbit have all these intimate details of my life, as does Apple. And if a backdoor iPhone hack ever gets into the wrong hands, the world will know what I and the 78 million other people who bought trackers last year




had for breakfast, not to mention all our real measurements. It could make the celebrity selfie scandal of 2014 look tame. Until then, I plan to think of all my personal info out there in the cloud the way I think of the ladies in those old-fashioned lingerie shops where they fit you for bras or the receptionist at a dermatologist's office. They are isolated islands of honesty, disconnected from the rest of your life.

BUT AS WE ALL KNOW, app-based relationships don't usually last. Fitbit and I have already had ups and downs in our short time together. I left it behind when I went on vacation in Costa Rica last month. I did yoga with my daughters and watched blissed-out sloths racking up only four or five steps an hour. (Moss was literally growing on their backs.) I ate untallied bread recklessly. When I got home, I put Fitbit back on, but I didn't feel as connected anymore. I started omitting little things, like the popcorn I eat at the office. I kept "forgetting" to log my weight. The Fitbit effect is fading.

And I just found out about a new device that's a kind of S&M Fitbit. There's no sharing. And no compliments. It's called a Pavlok, and it allows you to self-administer a shock of up to 450 volts via a wristband if you engage in a habit you're trying to stop. Creator Maneesh Sethi thought it up after he hired a woman on Craigslist to slap him if he went off task at work. (His productivity went way up.) A guy in the Pavlok testimonial video says he shocked himself just for smelling potato chips, and a woman named Tasha can't even look at peanut-butter pie anymore. Now the company is releasing an interface that permits Pavlok to communicate with your Fitbit and automatically zap you if you don't reach your goal for the day. It could be a whole new beginning for me and Fitbit.

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Sally Field The Oscar-winning star of *Hello, My Name Is Doris*, an indie comedy about May-December love, discusses her career, her ballot and Hollywood's big issues

There are not many movies where the female love interest is older than the male. Is that part of why *Doris* appealed to you? The gender reversal was secondary to the story of a coming of age of a person of age. I saw the love-affair part of it almost as part of her coming out of her shell as if she were 13.

Can you compare love in your 60s to love as a teenager? When you have that feeling, when you have a mad, passionate crush on someone, it's the same when you're 70 as when you're 13. You're awkward, and you're afraid you're doing the wrong thing, and you put yourself out there in ways you don't even think about. We stay who we are no matter how old we get.

You've done less in film in the past decade than in theater and television. Are there better roles in those places? Certainly there have been for me. Having a long-term career is really about learning how to ride it and not be rigid. Keep asking yourself, "What really blows my skirts up?" To me it's finding the work.

Why do you think Hollywood has been so reluctant to acknowledge the sexuality of a woman in her 60s? It's hard for me to answer that because obviously Hollywood is so hard on women altogether. I've been in this business for 53 years or something, and part of me—I hate to admit it—has sort of accepted it as the status quo. The industry has always, but certainly now to a huge degree, played to young men, and made a self-fulfilling prophecy about films that aren't directed toward young men by saying there's no audience for it. So they put no money in it, they don't promote it, and then when it doesn't make as much money as the films for young boys, they say, "You see?" There's a whole lot of people who want to see stories that they can identify with, and they're not male, and they're not white, and they're not young.

Have you seen this level of discussion

about equality before? I remember Diane Keaton once complained that men had so many more opportunities. She was shot down for being a whiner. I remember thinking, Wow. It was brave of her, but it wasn't taken as any kind of serious comment. I felt—and Jane Fonda and Goldie [Hawn]—that all you could do was just keep on keeping on. But this wave is bigger. It's much more inclusive. It is not only about women. It is about people of color, and that's a bigger, louder voice. I might also say it's because there are men involved—I hate to say it—so it's taken more seriously. I think if it were just women, probably it would not have quite the effect.

What did you think of the changes the Academy made? I didn't read all of them, so I can't answer correctly. I did know the one where they said voting rights would be restricted based on how frequently you worked, and I did have a reaction inside my stomach that went, Ugh. Because you think of all the great actors whose participation you'd like to have. Claudette Colbert retired, but wouldn't you want her voting? I think so. She probably didn't give a rat's ass. But part of me thinks it's too cut-and-dried. You start to think, Wait a minute, already I'm on the outs because I didn't work this year?

You stumped for Hillary Clinton in 2008. Will you lend your voice to this campaign? Oh my God, yes.

What do you make of the suggestions that young women have a responsibility to vote for Clinton? Is there an intersection between feminism and voting for a female candidate? I think it's miraculous that she is female, and it's almost secondary to the fact that she's way qualified, would be a brilliant President. I really can't understand the battle. I hear young women, my granddaughters even, wanting to back Bernie [Sanders], and I want to tear my hair out and jump up and down and go, "What?!" Not that he's not a lovely man. —ELIZA BERMAN

'The industry has always ... played to young men, and made a self-fulfilling prophecy about films that aren't directed toward young men.'





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